# Reader's Digest

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NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

MAY, 1930

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# The Bookman's Monthly Score

*From The Bookman (March, 1930)*

*A list of books most in demand in public libraries, compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in coöperation with the Public Libraries of America.*

## GENERAL

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Henry the Eighth | *Francis Hackett* | LIVERIGHT |
| 2. The Art of Thinking | *Ernest Dimnet* | SIMON & SCHUSTER |
| 3. The Tragic Era | *Claude G. Bowers* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 4. A Preface to Morals | *Walter Lippmann* | MACMILLAN |
| 5. New Worlds to Conquer* | *Richard Halliburton* | BOBBS-MERRILL |
| 6. Strange Interlude | *Eugene O'Neill* | LIVERIGHT |
| 7. Journey's End | *R. C. Sherriff* | BRENTANO |
| 8. The Mansions of Philosophy | *Will Durant* | SIMON & SCHUSTER |
| 9. Elizabeth and Essex | *Lytton Strachey* | HARCOURT, BRACE |
| 10. Marriage and Morals* | *Bertrand Russell* | LIVERIGHT |
| 11. July '14* | *Emil Ludwig* | PUTNAM |
| 12. Mrs. Eddy* | *Edward Franden Dakin* | SCRIBNER'S |

## NOVELS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. All Quiet on the Western Front | *Erich Maria Remarque* | LITTLE, BROWN |
| 2. Whiteoaks of Jalna | *Mazo de la Roche* | LITTLE, BROWN |
| 3. Roper's Row | *Warwick Deeping* | KNOPF |
| 4. A Farewell to Arms | *Ernest Hemingway* | SCRIBNER'S |
| 5. They Stooped to Folly | *Ellen Glasgow* | DOUBLEDAY, DORAN |
| 6. Hudson River Bracketed* | *Edith Wharton* | APPLETON |
| 7. The Galaxy | *Susan Ertz* | APPLETON |
| 8. Hans Frost | *Hugh Walpole* | DOUBLEDAY, DORAN |
| 9. Red Silence | *Kathleen Norris* | DOUBLEDAY, DORAN |
| 10. Burning Beauty | *Temple Bailey* | PENN |
| 11. Scarlet Sister Mary | *Julia Peterkin* | BOBBS-MERRILL |
| 12. Ultima Thule* | *Henry Handel Richardson* | NORTON |

*This title did not appear in the Monthly Score given in our March issue.


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# The Reader's Digest

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Ninth Year MAY 1930 Vol. 17, New Series, No. 97


## *Living for the Fun of It*

Condensed from The American Magazine (April, '30)


*Harry Emerson Fosdick*

Author of "Adventurous Religion," "Spiritual Values and Eternal Life," etc.


WHAT was the thing about your early home life that made the deepest impression on your memory and on your character?

One of our American sociologists recently asked that question of a large number of people. The answers revealed something very important. Animal pets stood high on the list. So did family festivals, when fun broke loose and the whole household played together. The big point is that the great majority picked out some factor of home life which would not ordinarily be called *serious*.

Too long have we frowned upon play. Here, for example, are the rules laid down by an American school in 1784:

"We prohibit play in the strongest terms . . . The students shall rise at five o'clock in the morning, summer and winter . . . The students shall be indulged with nothing which the world calls *play*. Let this rule be observed with strictest nicety; for those who play when they are young will play when they are old."

Exactly. "Those who play when they are young will play when they are old."

Some of us look back upon a glorious youth. I, for one, can bear witness that not one boy of my old gang went permanently wrong. Our play was right — we roamed the woods, fished the streams, built our shanties by the brookside, and played our games.

Today I walk the streets of New York to watch the boys and


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girls. It is estimated that out of every 100 boys on Manhattan Island, 80 spend their leisure time upon the streets, and that of all the things they can do there, 50 percent are inimical to character and 20 percent are downright illegal. Of course we have a crime wave, largely made up of juveniles. We are making criminals in our great cities faster than we can put them in jail. These unfortunate youngsters are not learning how to play. And those who *do not* play when they are young *will not* play when they are old.

Did you ever stop to think that nothing beautiful ever came into life until folks began to play?

In primitive days, cave men made pottery because they needed receptacles for food and drink. Their crude and formless dishes were strictly utilitarian. But when centuries had passed and life had eased a little, men began to play with pottery, to mold, decorate, and color it, to shape it into symbolic forms and graceful lines. All art thus comes from play.

The primitive men, too, used their voices only for strictly utilitarian purposes. They shrieked in fear, cried for help, bellowed with rage to scare an enemy. But when life had eased a little, they began to play with the voice. They sang: love songs, folk songs. All music comes from play.

Primitive religion also was utilitarian. It was a magic way of getting rain, raising crops, winning wars, and defeating the ghostly hordes of demons. But when the understanding of spiritual life deepened and primitive dreads were a little lifted, men began to play with religion. They rejoiced in the Lord, sang songs, and danced before the Lord, built beautiful temples to the Lord, held celebrations of festival and thanksgiving. They were religious not because they had to be, but because they loved it.

Some of our greatest modern discoveries were made in play. Rubber is indispensable in our commerce. It was first discovered in play. When the Spaniards came to America, they found the natives bouncing rubber balls. So, too, the first watch and the first steam engine were merely toys. Even electricity was discovered in play; men rubbed amber for fun to make it pick up straws.

But to get at the gist of the matter, we must go deeper. Playing is indispensable to youngsters, and taking up golf or getting fascinated by a hobby may be the wisest thing for an oldster to do. But what we are after is even more vital: putting the spirit of play into the whole of life — living for the fun of it.

The best work is always done for fun. Millet, the French artist,

had to paint signs to make both ends meet, but this was not his best work. He painted his masterpieces, *The Angelus* and *The Gleaners*, for the sheer love of painting them. An author may have to write hack stuff to keep the pot boiling, but when he has leisure to write something that he wants to write for the creative joy of writing, that will be his best work. Indeed, it was in this mood that John Bunyan wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*. He said, himself, that he wrote it for diversion:

". . . nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my Neighbour; no not I;
I did it mine own self to gratifie."

But it is not enough to have the spirit of play in work. Play at home. Youngsters and adults both need it.

Two people marry. They are determined to do their duty by each other. He works and she works. As the years pass, they work harder and harder. They become absorbed in work. Seeing a family like that, one wants to cry, "Play! Play with each other and the children. Home life is not simply duty; it is a festival. No family life is healthy unless it kicks its heels."

This spirit of play, which is the crown of work and of home life, is also the crown of religion. So much of our religion in America is dour and grim. It does not bounce. Vital religion is much more than a necessity: it is a luxury. It is something to celebrate and hold festival over.

To this statement a retort may be expected. "So far from being playful," the rejoinder says, "religion has always insisted on taking life seriously. 'Life is real! Life is earnest!'"

I should reply: "Yes, take life seriously; but take it playfully, too." We get our real happiness out of the things we do take seriously.

Life in that regard is like love. Love should be happy, but we do not get a happy love unless we take it seriously. If we begin by taking love flippantly, we will end by getting dust and ashes out of it. It must be taken seriously, or it is not happy. So with life.

There is great satisfaction in life for those who take it always in a sporting spirit — for those who are living for the fun of it.

# *To Make a Circus Pay*

## Excerpts from Fortune (April, '30)

"Fortune" is the new de luxe journal—"the most luxurious magazine ever dedicated solely to business," in the words of the "Hartford Courant"

ONE of the very best ways to lose a lot of money quickly is to start a circus. The circus has been more consistently productive of ruin than has any other commercial enterprise. One and only one, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows, indisputably the greatest show on earth, has achieved magnitude, stability, commercial significance.

Circus is animals. Circus is "art." Circus is rolling stock and big top, razorback and band. Circus is everything you can see and hear upon the lot — and one thing more. The *thing* is not a big name. The *thing*, again, is not perseverance, or more money when wet tops or other misfortunes follow the circus. Nowadays, a circus needs *ringling*. *Ringling* is infinite capacity for detail and for organization; *ringling* is 40-odd seasons with at least one Ringling brother on the lot at each performance; *ringling* is knowing the length of every railroad siding in the country and knowing railroad men by their first names; *ringling* is willingness to pay a fortune (said to be $30,000) for Goliath, the sea elephant, though no one thought the animal could survive two weeks of circus travel. Only one great American fortune has been amassed in this precarious enterprise, the $50,000,000 plus of John Ringling.

The first Ringling circus opened in 1884, with 22 horses and 11 wagons, no band wagon, no menagerie, no wild animals. Today, "Mr. John's" circus has, among other things: a pay roll of more than 1600 people; 735 horses and more than 1000 other animals; 100 double-length railroad cars; over 100 cages, dens, tanks, pens, and lairs; its own doctors, lawyers, dentists, detectives, chefs, cooks, waiters, power plant; over 60 children who travel with it, attending school as they go, reciting to teachers paid by the circus; a seating capacity, when on the road, of 15,000.

In a season it will give 400 performances before a total of about 4,000,000 people. It will gross about $6,000,000, including income from side shows and concessions, an average of $1.50 per customer. It will travel 15,000 miles, and it will spend each day about $18,500, a great deal of it in local markets.

There has never been another

100-car circus. There has never been another so successful. But Mr. John until last autumn had a rival — the American Circus Corporation which controlled Sells-Floto, Hagenbeck-Wallace, John Robinson, Sparks, and Al G. Barnes. This consolidation was able to challenge the power of Mr. John, though none of the five units could challenge the prestige of Mr. John's 100-car organization. Mr. John did not mind. There are enough towns to go around. There is just one thing which Mr. John will permit no rival. Mr. John opens the circus season, and he opens it at Madison Square Garden. It has been so for a generation.

And this spring, as always, he came to the Garden. But thereby hangs a tale of hot words in the offices of the Garden management. The tale of the demise of the American Circus Corporation.

Madison Square Garden was built as a temple to the padded glove, and Mr. John helped to build it. One of Mr. John's most famous discoveries, Tex Rickard, until he died, was boxing's high priest. Nevertheless, the Garden in April is Mr. John's. At least, so thought Mr. John, and so thought the public.

But Mr. John found otherwise. The other Madison Square Garden directors declared flatly to Mr. John, "You cannot bring your three asterisk circus into the Garden unless you agree to fold it up each week on Friday and let us put on a fight. You cost us important money last year." Mr. John would not agree. He said he would open his season in the old Twenty-Second Armory. The deal was almost consummated when it became known that the Garden officials had made an agreement with the American Circus Corporation. Sells-Floto would play in the Garden in the spring. That was the end of the American Circus Corporation. The following morning the 150 cars, 4500 people, 2000 animals, tents, baggage stock, names, in fact the entire peculiar civilization of their five shows belonged to Mr. John.

So Mr. John now has six front rank circuses and four or five carnival outfits — almost $10,000,000 worth. Big business. All routings made from a single office. You are not apt to reflect that the presence of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows at the fairgrounds of your town is a certification of the prosperity of your community. But your Chamber of Commerce knows that Ringling statisticians have been checking on employment conditions, crop prospects, bank deposits, rail facilities, road conditions for months past. If these did not measure up to Ringling requirements, Mr. John would have gone right by you. Nor are the reports on which he

bases his operations out of date. The route of a circus may be changed a dozen times during the season.

Mr. John has a circus factory at his winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida. This summer, while the circus is on the road, next year's big top will be made. A new one is provided every year, and $150,000 worth of materials and labor go into the making of this, the largest stretch of canvas ever raised, the central roof of a 20-acre colony. A new tent goes out 25 feet longer than it returns at the season's end: so much it shrinks in the summer rains. Mr. John prides himself that once his big top is pitched, it is never in danger of blowing down; its roof does not leak. And this in spite of the fact that it is always up within an hour of the arrival on the siding of the last section of the circus train.

Seemingly there is no other business that so provokes the curiosity of people whose it is not. A favorite question is, Are the freaks bona fide? For the most part, yes, though many a "wild man from Borneo" is an unusually vicious looking South Carolina Negro shrewdly capitalizing his queer appearance. The famous "missing link" so long and profitably exhibited was actually an American Negro so peculiar in appearance that she could not support herself by any prosaic means. Exhibited as a speechless subhuman, she was actually a well educated woman, knew long passages of the Bible and much of Shakespeare by heart. When she died she left a ponderable estate. The rather common assumption that all freaks are subnormal and greatly to be pitied is not well founded. The freak is holding down the job for which he is best fitted. He makes a good living and has, in most instances, far more comfortable surroundings than he could provide for himself otherwise.

Do animals breed in captivity? Some do and some do not. Members of the cat family are most prolific, lions, tigers, and panthers frequently presenting their owners with cubs which may grow up to be of great exhibition value. But of elephant calves only two or three have been born and successfully reared in America. Monkeys, it is surprising to learn, very rarely breed in captivity. Probably not more than a half dozen monkeys were born in this country during the past year.

What becomes of circus people? Frequently denied insurance, having irregular employment, it is not easy to provide for old age independence. The Circus Saints and Sinners, a nationwide organization, is collecting an endowment at the present time looking toward the establishment of a circus folks' home.

# *Objections to Laughter*

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (March, '30)

*Robert Lynd*
Co-author of "Middletown"

"LAUGHTER" is a word, we are told by the philologists, that is a distant cousin of Greek words meaning "to cluck like a hen," and also "to croak." But we need go no further than our everyday speech to have it brought home to us that when we laugh we do something that puts us on a level with the lower animals. We say of a laughing human being that he "bellows" or "roars" or "cackles" or "crows" or "whinnies." We say of one man that he "laughs like a hyena" and of another that he has a "horse laugh."

Perhaps it was their realization of the essential animal nature of laughter that led so many philosophers, saints, and authorities on behavior to condemn it. Plato, for instance, declares that the guardians of the state ought not to be given to laughter, and that persons of worth must never be represented as being overcome by laughter. As for the saints, though many of them have been cheerful men, few of them have been conspicuous for their hilarity. Some of them have even thought it was a sin to laugh, believing, with Saint Basil, that laughter was the one bodily affection that the Founder of the Christian religion "does not seem to have known."

Among more worldly authorities on behavior we find the same thing. Lord Chesterfield, the greatest English gentleman who ever left detailed instructions as to behavior, declares emphatically in one of his passages that a man who wishes to be regarded as a gentleman must avoid laughter above all things. Everyone knows the passage in which he warns his son: "Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh, since the creation of the world. A man of fashion and parts is, therefore, only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh." In a further letter, Lord Chesterfield writes:

> I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as any body; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh.

But it is not only the philosophers, the saints, and the authorities on manners who have belittled laughter. That the ordinary man cares little for laughter can, I think, be easily proved.

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Consider, for one thing, literature. Today three out of four of our best-sellers are writers who depend for their effect scarcely at all upon humor. I do not forget that Dickens, the permanent best-seller of English literature, was a humorist as well as a tragic sentimentalist. But, taking a general view of popular literature, we shall be safe in affirming that it is easier to become a best-seller with a book that does not contain a single laugh than with a book that, in the language of the reviewers, contains a "laugh on every page." No novelist ever succeeded in becoming immortal through laughter alone. And even masterpieces of comedy are most ardently appreciated, not for comic, but for serious reasons.

Laughter cannot play more than a small part in a man's life. The very essence of laughter is surprise and a break in the monotonous continuity of our thoughts or our experience. It is a physical appreciation of the surprising things of life, such as the spectacle of a man falling suddenly on ice, or sitting down on the floor instead of a chair. Such things make us laugh, of course, only if the results are not too serious. If a man died as a result of any of these accidents, nobody but a savage would think it funny, however surprised he might be. What makes us laugh is a mixture of the shock at an accident that looks as if it might be serious and the realization that it is after all only a hundredth part as serious as it might have been.

We can see, then, why saints and Utopian philosophers are on the whole hostile or indifferent to laughter. The saint and the Utopian philosopher have a vision of a perfect world in which accidents do not happen. Laughter is a confession of the sins and silliness of the world, but it is also a kind of genial acquiescence in these sins and sillinesses. To the saint, the stumblings of man are tragic, proving that he is not yet an angel. To men and women with a sense of humor, the stumblings of man — even on his way to perfection — are largely comic, proving that he is only a human being after all. We may deplore, if we like, the saint's lack of humor, but in this I think we may be wrong. He has a vision that we have not. Our sense of humor is only a compensation for our lack of vision. We should never have possessed it if we had remained in Eden. It is the grace of our disgrace — a consolation prize given to a race excluded from Paradise.

Laughter, even when salted with derision or bitterness, is a form of play. As with play of all sorts, one of its chief functions is to release us from the hardening formulae of our daily lives.

Comedy gives us, indeed, a new and surprising pattern of life — a pattern that is a lampoon on the pattern to which we are accustomed. Mrs. Malaprop breaks the pattern of the ordinary use of words, and as a result her "allegory on the banks of the Nile" still sets the theater in a roar. Lear in his nonsense verses breaks the pattern of intelligible speech, and we love his nonsense because he enables us to escape for the moment from the iron rule of sense. People do not laugh when a cock crows, but I have heard the gallery laughing uproariously when a man in the audience imitated a cock crowing — he was breaking the pattern of human behavior. The amusement many people get from talking and performing animals may be explained in the same way. The parrot that swears is not behaving according to the monotonous rules of bird life. Lord George Sanger amused thousands of people some years ago by introducing into his circus an oyster that smoked a pipe. This would not have been amusing but for the fact that oysters do not, as a rule, smoke.

All the comic writers from Aristophanes to Shakespeare, from Swift to Lewis Carroll, have broken the pattern for us in a comparable way. They have taken us when we were tired of looking at life as though it were a series of demonstrable theories in Euclid, and have torn all those impressive triangles and circles into small pieces, and have dipped them in color and put them into a kaleidoscope.

Laughter, then, springs largely from the lawless part of our nature. Hilarity is a kind of heresy — a cheerful defiance of all the laws. At the same time a reasonable defense of laughter may be founded on the fact that men who are lawless in this way are not the greatest lawbreakers. Murderers and thieves are, for the most part, serious men who might have remained law-abiding citizens if only they had had a greater capacity for laughing.

It would be going too far to claim that all laughers are virtuous men and all non-laughers criminals. But it is probably true that the laughing man, if he is virtuous, will as a result of his laughter be less offensively virtuous, and if he is vicious he will be less offensively vicious. Laughter gives a holiday both to the virtues and to the vices.

The worst thing that can be said against laughter is that, by putting us in a good humor, it enables us to tolerate ourselves. The best thing that can be said for it is that for the same reason it enables us to tolerate each other.

# *The Talk of the Town*

Excerpts from the New Yorker

THIS month's romantic jewel story: A personable man entered one of the exclusive shops and asked to be shown some uncut stones. They were exhibited and he examined them. He decided not to buy and started for the door but, before he had got ten feet, the salesman discovered that a valuable gem was missing. A detective stopped the man at the door and he was taken, at his own insistence, to a private room, where he was thoroughly searched. The stone was not found.

Detectives afterward trailed the suspect for months, in vain. Several weeks later, a young woman visited the same shop and, after looking at a tray of uncut stones, likewise departed without making a purchase. The alert clerk, however, saw her slip something into her bag and, although no jewels were missing, signalled that she be stopped at the door. She was duly indignant but finally consented to be searched. In her bag was found a hardened wad of gum, and in the center of this was the missing stone. She had waited four months to slip it from beneath the counter where her confederate had stuck it.

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Lexicographical contributions of a Sixth Avenue merchant in his sign: "Pajamas, majamas, and kidjamas."

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Effect of artistic surroundings on colored cook employed by a Washington Square artist: "De potatuhs, suh — does you want 'em in de jackets or in de nude?"

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Relaxation and sport in this town are going underground. Many of the new coöperative apartment buildings and several of next year's skyscrapers will have from one to three floors below the street level devoted to gymnasiums, swimming pools, and places for court games. In one building, there will be two full-sized tennis courts three stories below the ground.

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The Hotel President slips under the door of its out-of-town guests every morning, a copy of their home-town paper, but will cease the practice if protest is made.

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An American woman, who lives in Paris, was driving her car very fast along the Boulevard Haussmann. This disturbed the composure of a gendarme who was walking along deep in thoughts on life. "*Alors, alors, alors!*" he cried, and gestured the car to a standstill. He then demanded of the lady what she


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meant by driving at such a rate. Thinking fast, she explained she was pursuing her husband and another woman, who were in the car ahead. The gendarme stood out of her way. "After them, madame," he cried gallantly waving her on.

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There is no telling about ladies when they are disturbed, or ruffled. One of the things they demand, when something goes wrong with their shopping, is that the store discharge the employe whose fault it was. A store uptown has learned how very mollifying it is to ladies to witness a dismissal, and they have assigned one of their employes to be the goat in all cases. It is his job to be discharged. Whenever an aggrieved patron of the store demands the scalp of an employe, this young man is summoned, the blame is at once traced to his negligence, he is given a severe talking to and told to get his hat and leave. Sometimes he is fired as many as 20 times in a week, always to the immense relief of the customer and never with any particular injury to himself. In fact, he rather likes it — gives him time to go across to Schrafft's for a soda.

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One thing that happens every Washington's Birthday is the annual ball of the Egg Inspectors' Union, No. 11,254. It was held in Webster Hall this year and practically every prominent egg-candler in New York was there. (An egg-candler is a man who holds an egg up to the light.)

Unless you get down around Chambers, Greenwich, Duane, and Jay Streets, you probably know very little about egg-candling. This magnificently important work goes on in dark basements, one of which we visited the other day with Mr. Charles Siegel, business manager of the union. He took us to see the candlers candling, and the spectacle was interesting. The place was pitch-black save for seven small gleaming eyes from seven candling lamps. Seven candlers, in ghostly white, stood at the long table, silently picking eggs out of a crate, holding them to the edge of their lamp, and passing them along to another crate or to a metal tray. Shadows danced on the black walls, and the air was damp and cellarish.

Eggs have to be candled — it's a law. Formerly, candles were used. Now, electric lamps are used. The idea is the same. The lamp is a small black metal box, containing the bulb. In the front is a small hole, protruding, against which an egg fits snugly. The candlers separate the eggs into four divisions: Grade A, which are perfect eggs; Grade B, which are eggs slightly shrunken inside; Grade C, which are eggs

very shrunken inside; and unclassified eggs — water eggs, spot eggs, hatched eggs, sour eggs, lime eggs, grass eggs, rotten eggs. For doing this a candler gets either a minimum union wage of $45 a week or a piece rate of 40 cents a case. A good candler, in a happy frame of mind, can inspect some ten thousand eggs in a day.

Rotten eggs, to get right back to them, are sold for the tanning of shoe leather. The other kinds of unclassified eggs, unfit for regular consumption, are sold to bakeries for use in cake-making, and will anybody have a piece of cake?

Just as George Washington is the father of his country, so one Adolph Liebling is the father of the Egg Inspectors' Union. He has spent his life in dark cellars, a patriarch of a silent, stoical tribe. Many of the candlers come from the Ukraine — a town called Wolochesck, which is the centre of the egg industry in Russia. One of the candlers showed us, pridefully, an egg with a double yolk. Once in a while a triple yolk turns up. Once in a lifetime (and what a day it is in the life of an egg-candler) along comes a four-yolker!

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Guard No. 05493 (downtown express platform of the Eighty-sixth Street subway station) is an observing philosopher. On a recent rainy morning he said to a gentleman — who instantly came to this office and reported it — "Down here he don't actually know what it's like up above, but all the faces look like the weather. I know it's cloudy and bad this morning. Not a single smiling face, all unhappy. Yes, sir, you can always tell the weather from the people's faces."

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One of Mr. Whalen's men has discovered that a fine line divides honor and courtesy. He walks the sidewalks of the Fifties, trying to be courteous, in accordance with his commissioner's orders, trying to be honorable according to his own lights, which are fairly dim. Thus he was nonplussed when he observed a note on the steering wheel of a parked automobile reading "Bill: We are in the speakeasy across the street — No. 35. Meet us there. George." The policeman frowned, he reread the note, he pawed his chin, he glanced toward heaven, as if for divine guidance. Abruptly he came to a clean-cut, Whalen decision. He crumpled up the note and threw it into the gutter.

# *Germany Wins the Peace*

Condensed from World's Work (April, '30)

*Henry Albert Phillips*

TEN years ago Germany was prostrate physically, financially, and politically; discredited, bankrupt; without trade and practically without ships wherein to carry on even if she had commerce.

Today we find Germany abreast with the leading nations of the world, looming as America's most formidable competitor in the fields of foreign trade. And we wonder just how and why the paradox has come to pass.

Any psychological estimate of Germany should go back a thousand years, to Charlemagne. He sowed the seed of their present-day ego by uniting the Germanic peoples under the glorious mantle of the Holy Roman Empire, which he contended had descended, more or less deviously, from the shoulders of Julius Caesar — rendered into German, *Kaiser*. This seed of empire which he planted has blossomed ever since in the bosom of every German-born. It is the basis of German Kultur. Every German is part and parcel of this great I Am. They believe that Germany can win whatever she undertakes; it is her destiny. That is "Der Tag!" we hear so much about. But they are content to work and wait until tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, or if need be until next century.

When I was in Germany in 1922 the German mark was shrinking daily. Swiss, Belgian, French, and even British nationals, possessors of almost normal currency, swarmed across the frontiers and bought enormous quantities of German goods for "nothing," thereby cultivating Germany's bid for commercial favor.

European unemployment figures at that time were appalling — nearly 3,000,000 in England, 400,000 in Italy, and so on. The Allies still had many millions under arms piling up staggering national debts. While the allied industries were trying to find their way out of chaos, ex-Army labor was bullying them to the brink of ruin with strikes and idleness. Meanwhile allied diplomats were bickering over how much Germany should pay.

The significant fact was that in June, 1922, about 7,000,000 Germans were hard at work, most of them ignoring the pleas of malcontents and working from 10 to 12 hours a day. The Ver-

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sailles Treaty had immeasurably aided German industry by cutting the German army to 100,000 men, thus releasing millions to put their shoulders to the wheel. The impetus of that shove is being felt by the commercial world today.

In the chaotic years that followed the armistice the German industrialists set about scientifically expanding their plants. It was told me, on good authority, that as early as 1923 Germany had reached 80 percent of her prewar production. Wherever I traveled in Germany at that time, though the people were depressed and on edge, I found them universally at work. Germany was demonstrating its indomitable will to win.

The superhuman efforts begun at that time are bearing fruit today in the appearance of superhuman engines of peace that lead the world by several years in size and capacity, speed and power — a Dornier plane carrying 169 passengers, a Zeppelin that has girdled the world, the Lufthansa Bremen making the first successful westward transatlantic flight, and the Bremen of the North German Lloyd breaking all ocean records for speed, power, and luxury.

At the expansive Tempelhof Field outside Berlin, where the Kaiser used to review his dashing Uhlans, one now finds the most practical large-scale demonstration of everyday aeronautics and of aerial passenger navigation in the world. There great planes land and leave in all weathers with the precise schedule of railway trains.

The Leipzig Trade Fair opened my eyes to Germany's supreme effort to translate her mechanical energy and genius into a living force of overwhelming competition. Here is no lukewarm exposition with "rube" sideshows, but a stupendous and concerted effort to show what Germany can do. Here, in immense and permanent buildings, are housed every phase of German culture and progress, activity and industry. One building is filled with examples of many-tonned machinery — whirring, crunching, lifting, and shaping; functioning with the fine judgment of a cunning brain. Every forward-looking merchant, manufacturer, and economist in Germany makes a visit, or sends a representative, to this fair. It is a Teutonic solemnity. And what an impetus to trade!

Less than a year ago Dutch lighters brought back to Essen the broken hopes of the German Empire. The cargoes consisted of scrap steel, remnants of the German High Seas Fleet scuttled at Scapa Flow. The scrapped steel has returned to the place of its conception, the Krupp smelt-

ing furnaces, to be reborn, converted into implements of peace. No more effective illustration could be offered of Germany's feat of turning a defeat in war into a peacetime victory.

Germany's conquests, whether in war or in peace, have rested firmly on steel. And the making of every ton of steel requires two tons of coal. Hence it is easy to see why the French laid hands upon the Ruhr and Saar Basins and how from this cause alone untamed Germany was brought to her knees.

According to the terms of the peace, French domination in the Saar will continue until 1935, when a plebiscite will be declared. It is a foregone conclusion that this step will result in favor of the Germans. Germany must then buy the territory back, keep the French steel industries supplied with fuel, and raise no tariff wall. Germany doubtless will accede to these terms, for she needs the Saar coal.

The Krupp Works at Essen had for more than a century been the steel backbone of the nation, of her navy and her armies. When Germany collapsed in defeat her giant of steel crashed with her. Now a miracle has been performed. From the Krupp works have begun to pour mowing machines, steel plowshares, all kinds of agricultural machinery, motion-picture projectors, stainless steel, locomotives, trucks, and Diesel engines. All these first met the German demand, then began to find their way aboard new-built ships into the world market.

The time is past when anyone should worry over Germany's ability to pay her reparations debts as they are now fixed. In fact it would now seem that this vanquished country was not altogether the worst financial sufferer. France, for instance, with the tremendous accrued interest on her war debt and her large armament budget, is under a strain hardly less severe.

All things considered, Germany has an undoubted advantage over her European competitors. With the healthy state of her industries, her priceless solidarity and will to win, her willingness to work, and a national genius for frugality and thrift, Germany is in a position to discharge her financial obligations and meet the world trade, despite the pessimistic forecasts of German industrialists and economists.

Finally, I offer the most significant fact of all. Germany's volume of exports during the first six months of 1928 was even greater than Great Britain's. Germany today stands second (the United States being first) among the world's exporters.

In conclusion, I say: Watch Germany — but be sure that you work while you watch!

# *The Next War*

Condensed from The New Freeman (March 29, '30)

*Albert Jay Nock*
Author of "Thomas Jefferson," "On Doing the Right Things," etc.

IN all the international conferences held since the war, professedly in the interest of peace, nothing fundamental to that interest has ever once been broached. Talk of "disarmament," for instance, begs the question of a significant relation between disarmament and peace. As a matter of fact, there is none. The reduction or abolition of armament would be a good thing because it would stop the waste of a lot of money. But if all the nations of the world disarmed tomorrow, the reign of peace would not necessarily be nearer. Plenty of people have gone to war equipped with pitch-forks and hoe-handles; and under an appropriate stimulus they would do so again.

Gradually it is becoming clear that the real causes of war are never talked about. "Nations in general will go to war," said one of our Revolutionary statesmen, "whenever there is a prospect of getting something by it." When a war may reasonably be regarded as a good investment, in other words, it may be expected to take place.

A recently published book by Mr. Ludwell Denny, called "America Conquers Britain," gives a sound and exhaustive study of the matters that are really at issue between the two countries — matters that statesmen never talk about, that are never brought up in international conferences, the pow-wows of peace societies, or this-or-that Institute of Politics. Mr. Denny shows the course of economic competition between the two empires, British and American, in foreign markets and in the British Dominions as well; also the competition in finance, whereby the "world is chained to Wall Street," as formerly it was chained to Threadneedle Street; also the competition for raw materials, copper, rubber, oil, etc. Then he shows the course of competitive preparation for war, in aviation, control of radio and telegraphic communication, and the apparatus of chemical warfare. The book is a completely documented compendium of all these matters, and the conclusion is inevitable that every historical cause of war is now operative between Great Britain and the United States, and is exacerbated with every day that passes. Mr. Denny states the conclusion with


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frankness and accuracy, that "war between America and Britain is more probable than war between America and any other Power. This does not mean that such a war is inevitable. It does mean that the causes which have produced other wars, and specifically British wars, are active in virulent form in Anglo-American relations now."

Up to the summer of 1914, British statesmen were saying that war between England and Germany was "unthinkable." Yet the causes of war were all there, and to say that these statesmen did not see these causes is to accuse them of impossible ignorance. Exactly the same thing is now being said of war between Great Britain and the United States. It is "unthinkable." But exactly the same causes are in operation. Under these circumstances the only question is whether the outcome will be the regular one, and if so, when.

"No one knowing the facts," concludes Mr. Denny, "can say honestly that the British and American economic Empires are not belligerent rivals. No one knowing the facts can say that hands-across-the-sea speeches or naval-armament truces have removed the danger of armed war, which historically has resulted from such economic war. There is not room in the contracting modern world for two conflicting empires as large and as predatory as Britain and America."

It is highly probable, as Mr. Denny says, that there will never again be a *duel* between Britain and the United States. Such a venture would not pay. Therefore it may be put down as practically certain not to take place. It is by no means certain, however, that if the *right association* were formed, the project might not pay pretty well all around.

It must be remembered that America's great economic thrust is not against England alone. She being almost exclusively a manufacturing, financing and carrying country, the brunt of it is against her, but it is against others in their degree as well. The late Dr. Stresemann spoke as feelingly as Sir Austen Chamberlain might, or as any English industrialist might, of his fear that "all Europe is in danger of becoming a colony of those whom luck has favored more than us." Our position as a creditor, our tariff and immigration policies, our reckless underselling on surplus production — well, any one who can read may assess well enough the amount of friendliness they are begetting for us, by looking at the editorials and cartoons in almost any European newspaper. To offset our practical policies, moreover, our statesmen and publicists have nothing

much to offer but some rather shopworn specious moralities, and foreigners seem to find these hardest of all to bear.

It is not easy to say flatly that a war waged against us by the right combination of creditor Powers, say within the next five years, would or would not pay; but there is no trouble about counting up a few items that would appear as significant in that event. First, the public debts (war-debts) now due us would be automatically repudiated, as an act of war; and these come now to about seven billion dollars, we having already cancelled nearly half of them through funding agreements, though most Americans are wholly unaware that this has been done. Second, American private interests abroad would be seized, as German property in England was seized in 1914 and has never been returned; and these amount to some twelve billion dollars. Third, we have a few outlying possessions in the Caribbean and the Pacific that could be picked up. Fourth, while we are impregnable against invasion, most of our important cities lie along our coasts, and are susceptible of a very satisfactory amount of damage. Fifth, and most important, since our production is geared to a large and increasing volume of foreign trade, it would be thrown into a tremendous fit of apoplexy through the stoppage of sea routes. Moreover, on the debit side, as war-bills go, the expense of accomplishing all this would not seem to be prohibitive.

The point of this article is not to predict war or to raise a scare, but simply to lay before its readers certain facts which statesmen, publicists and newspaper-editors never mention. It has been observable in human history from the beginning that "nations in general will go to war when there is a prospect of getting something by it." Those who trust in this predatory impulse being suddenly overborne by fantastic mechanisms like the League of Nations will have some damaged illusions for their pains; still more are those hopeful of "conferences," where, as Will Rogers says, the statesmen "agree to scrap everything they won't need in the next war."

While war is not inevitable — no war is inevitable, probably — the factor that most tends to make it inevitable is ignorance, and therefore a general popular ignorance is the greatest asset of the political mountebank and the interested "internationalist" with an axe to grind. At the present time it would undoubtedly be impossible to get a disinterested discussion of a really fundamental question in any of the forums in this country nominally devoted to such matters.

# *Lone Wolves of the Open Sea*

Condensed from The Sportsman (April, '30)

*Alfred F. Loomis*

OF all the various types of deep-sea wanderers, the single-handed around-the-world adventurer appeals most to the imagination. There have been three of them: Captain Joshua Slocum who blazed the trail 35 years ago; and Harry Pidgeon and Alain Gerbault who performed the feat more recently.

When Captain Slocum started out from Boston in his 36-foot boat, the Panama Canal had not yet been built. His passage through the Strait of Magellan is probably the most Herculean adventure that a lone sailor has ever accomplished. In spite of head winds, snow, bold cliffs, bad anchorages, lee shores, and the most terrific williwaws blowing down the sides of the icy mountains, he won through the Strait only to be caught in a westerly gale and thrust through the very jaws of death back into the Strait again. After two weeks of work which had brought him to the verge of exhaustion, it was all to be done over again. And Captain Slocum did it. After that exploit the remainder of his voyage seemed, by comparison, a holiday. In three years, two months, and two days he reached home, the world's first single-handed circumnavigator.

A generation passed before another man with the essential idiosyncrasies attempted to circle the globe. This time it was Harry Pidgeon. He was 50 years old, with slight stature and retiring disposition; his knowledge of navigation was self-learned; and his experience with boats other than his beloved *Islander*, a 34-foot yawl which he had built himself, was absolutely nil.

When, in 1921, he set sail from Los Angeles, he announced no grandiloquent intention of sailing around the world. The Marquesas lay only 3000 miles to the southwest; he had always wanted to visit these islands, so he set sail and after a pleasant passage of seven weeks, arrived at Nukuhiva. He made friends there with the few remaining natives, and after a bit he "sailed away." This phrase is one which Captain Pidgeon is particularly fond of using. It conveys the impression of shore novelties enjoyed, of new scenes happily anticipated. So he sailed away, and visited Tuamotu, Tahiti, the Society Islands, and Samoa. Like all long-distance voyagers he lay in port during

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unfavorable periods of weather. Leaving Samoa, he inadvertently jibed and broke his main boom, thus suffering his first major accident. But he fished the broken spar and continued unperturbed.

Only, apparently, when he was halfway around the world did it occur to Pidgeon to circumnavigate it. Always he lived in the present, enjoying the wonders of the islands, reveling in the qualities of the *Islander*. It is part of Pidgeon's philosophy that accidents don't happen — that they can always be avoided by forethought. So, he thinks, he might have avoided breaking his boom, and averted the well-nigh disastrous casting away on the southwest coast of Africa. But few critics would hold him to blame for this second accident. He had put his boat on her course, and was sleeping when the wind changed and the yawl sailed straight upon the beach. But — here the *Islander's* integrity was demonstrated to the utmost — she steered herself carefully between rocks and hit the only bit of sandy beach along that coast for leagues. Later she was pulled off uninjured.

Other adventures the *Islander* experienced, including one in which the high seas nearly dropped her on the deck of a friendly but officious freighter, but she arrived serenely in Balboa in time to greet Alain Gerbault's *Firecrest*, just beginning her cruise. Of this meeting little has been written. Pidgeon reported it in his article in the *National Geographic*. Gerbault in his book passes over it in silence. Pidgeon has intimated in conversation that he would not venture out of a harbor in the *Firecrest*. Perhaps Gerbault feels the same way about the *Islander*.

Alain Gerbault, the third in this peculiar roster of sporting fame, was an amateur tennis player of renown. As an aviator in the war, he had agreed with two other aces to undertake the voyage after the war. The two being unfortunately killed in combat, Gerbault went alone. He may well be called the most intrepid of the three single-handed navigators, for his cutter was hardly adapted to the rigors of the voyage. Her sails and gear were in such a lamentable state that he had to carry on almost continual repairs. Strong winds and tremendous seas met him on his third day out from Cannes, but he reached Gibraltar after 21 days, and after a rest set sail for New York.

Again he encountered gales. In a region where the trades should blow steady from the northeast, he encountered incomprehensible southwesterlies. Fifty of his original supply of 80 gallons of drinking water were found to be unpotable, having been taken

aboard in new oak kegs, and he was at death's door before rain fell. Despite hunger, thirst, and perhaps the most continuous beating which a single-hander has ever received from the elements, Gerbault bore on and, 101 days from leaving Gibraltar, ran aground near Fort Totten. *Firecrest* lay a year in port while her owner returned to his native land, and then, in 1924, he resumed his voyage.

Three days out he was run into by a steamer. Temporary repairs were effected and her skipper kept on, again encountering gales, and after 11 days more of hardship reached Bermuda. There he stayed for five months while the *Firecrest's* ancient planks were recalked, when again he put to sea. Still again gales harried him, till he got favorable weather going into Colon.

Once in the South Pacific with Atlantic gales only a ragged memory, he found time to pursue his favorite subject — navigation. With two chronometers to give him the time he was able to make his landfalls with perfect accuracy. But Pigeon, whose pocket watch was his only timepiece, and Slocum, who boasted a dollar alarm clock from which, alas! during the latter part of his voyage the minute hand was missing, knew also the thrill of perfect landfalls.

Near Samoa, during a storm in which the main sheet and jib sheets all let go, and the mainsail ripped nearly from head to foot, Gerbault suffered the further misfortune of losing one anchor, breaking a second, and dragging a borrowed third on to a coral reef. For a short time while the seas broke over his laboring vessel and her bottom crunched on the coral, the courageous skipper thought that the end had come. But his faithful vessel rose to the occasion by depositing her two-ton keel on the reef and, thus lightened, floated clear and sought a sheltered landing on a sandy beach. Thus good luck followed bad, and Gerbault was able to salvage his keel, procure new bolts, attach it again to his hull, and pursue his westward course.

Other difficulties troubled him but he succeeded in surmounting them all, and, six years, three months, and three days after he set sail, the *Firecrest* returned to Le Havre, her owner the first Gaul to make a world-wide reputation as a cruising yachtsman.

Slocum, we may say, was the best seaman, and made the quickest time. Pidgeon had fewest misadventures and made his trip in three years, 11 months, and 13 days. Gerbault, it seems, was never a sailor. The more credit, then, to his incredible perseverance.

# *Is a "Tolerant" Christianity Possible?*

Condensed from The Christian Century (February 26, '30)

*Frank Eakin*
Author of "Revaluing Scripture"

THE American Jewish committee has issued a pamphlet containing an interchange of letters between the late Mr. Louis Marshall, sometimes called "the uncrowned king of the Jewish commonwealth of this country," and the Rev. Dr. Alfred Williams Anthony on the subject of Christian efforts to convert Jews to Christianity. In the exchange of letters the question arises as to the propriety of efforts on the part of Christians to convert the Jews.

Dr. Anthony, replying to a letter, stresses the fact that "the great majority of Christians believe that propagating is an essential part of their religion." He goes on to advance a broad point: "Is not the principle of freedom of discussion the sound principle to tie to? Should not our Jewish friends adopt that principle and propagate their religion, not by undertaking to muzzle Christians, but by undertaking to persuade their own people, and all other people also?" And finally, "I am confident that Christians as a whole emphatically object to *improper methods* of proclaiming religious views. . . ."

Mr. Marshall's long letter in reply is worthy of thoughtful study by Christians. As to "improper methods," Mr. Marshall asks where and by whom the line is to be drawn. Indirectly, in another connection, he makes clear what sort of methods, now being practiced by Christians, seem highly improper to Jews: "If they (the Jews) had at any time or anywhere, and particularly in this country, attempted to lure children of Christian families into Jewish Sunday schools or synagogues for the purpose of weaning them from Christianity; if they had tried to alienate Christian children from Christian parents, and to make hateful the religious doctrines of their ancestors, have you any idea what would have happened to the Jews engaged in such propaganda?"

Over against Dr. Anthony's statement that Christianity is essentially a propagating religion Mr. Marshall sets what he calls "the Jewish idea of seeing to it that their own house is in order and of refraining from propagating their own faith among those of other religious tendencies . . . I would regard myself of impaired mental vision were I

to claim a religious monopoly for my own faith."

It is no doubt true that Christianity has gone much farther than Judaism ever went in developing the philosophy and practice of conversionism. Indeed, where a people or individuals are strongly convinced that they have an indispensable means of access to a power assumed to rule the universe, it is hard to see how they can do otherwise than try to proselyte, unless the welfare of others is a matter of indifference to them.

What, then, is to be said about the one-true-religion idea in the 20th century?

For thoughtful liberal Christians, the question has deep significance. Confronted by the words which the Fourth Gospel puts into the mouth of Jesus, "I am the way and the truth and the life: no one cometh to the Father but by me," many liberal Christians of today would claim the right to interpret in their own way, but few would admit that such language was barren of meaning in their religious faith. But *what* meaning does it have for them? Some important practical problems now confronting the Christian enterprise must wait for their solution until this question has been more seriously grappled with.

One of these problems is that of the Christian attitude toward native religions on the foreign mission fields. The monopoly idea, however vaguely recognized, is causing acute embarrassment to missionaries in contact with such religions as Hinduism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. The missionaries are unwilling to give up the historic Christian claim of indispensability. If they are not the bearers of a unique and indispensable salvation, then their work is not at all what they thought it was. Yet it is difficult to hold to the old point of view. The more intelligent among those sought as converts are unapproachable from this angle, if not positively scornful of the Christian claim.

Cases arise in increasing numbers where the Christian spirit seems to demand of the missionaries a coöperation with other religions which nevertheless is quite inconsistent with the one-true-religion idea. Where missionary effort is most successful the success is seen far more in indirect ways than in out-and-out conversions, a fact quite contrary to the traditional conversionist theory. Yet scarcely more than a beginning has been made at reconstructing the theory to fit the facts, and this would seem to lie behind the present turmoil in the Christian missionary enterprise.

Not less real is the difficulty which the inherited idea is causing among the home clergy. An

overwhelming majority of the young men entering the theological training schools still think of the indispensability of the Christian salvation — and consequently the unique importance of their profession — with the utmost naivete. If they are constrained to change their outlook, in the training period or later, the change is likely to be far from easy. It involves nothing less than a complete revolution in their view of their life work.

Those who do not make the change have the advantage — apparent at least — of speaking with dogmatic confidence. With some preachers it is genuine confidence, with others it is more or less assumed; in either case it is likely to contribute to popularity. But what is to be feared is that the apparent strength of the churches, based on such preaching, is dangerously deceptive. Our best secular culture has back of it the scientific attitude of experiment, modesty, patience, open-mindedness. Between such an attitude and that of the dogmatically confident preacher with his monopolistic gospel a great gulf is fixed. The preacher in effect is throwing down a challenge to the forces which have sponsored human progress since the renaissance.

Dr. Samuel Angus, in his "Environment of Early Christianity," remarks that "From Judaism Christianity borrowed that intolerance which was at first necessary to preserve her integrity." Yet there is room for grave question whether, through Christian history as a whole, it has not been less an asset than a liability. Where a group believes that it possesses a monopoly of the truth there will certainly arise, in time, a group within the group which will hold that *it*, and it only, has kept the truth undefiled. This phenomenon will repeat itself, with results all too familiar. Heresies, schisms, denominational cleavages, religious wars — all root back to the inherited idea of monopoly.

Christians of our time should face this question frankly and seriously. Confidence, well founded, is a great asset. Is there a "moral equivalent" for the old intolerance? Perhaps the answer is to be found in a high sense of superiority of privilege — with which will go a due modesty as to achievements and penitence as to failures of the past, a venturesomeness in experimenting for future betterment, and toward non-Christian bodies a spirit of coöperative helpfulness. But if that is the goal we are scarcely in sight of it yet. Much serious thinking has to be done about the nature of religion, the significance of Jesus, and what kind of salvation is needed by our modern world.

# *Government by Consent of the Rocky Mountains*

Condensed from Vanity Fair (March, '30)

*Jay Franklin*

GEOGRAPHICALLY, the Rocky Mountains are that large wrinkle along the western seaboard of the United States. Politically, the Rocky Mountains are a state of mind, bounded on the east by cattle, on the west by sheep, on the north by mining and on the south by sugar beets. The cardinal points of its political compass are: North, Senator Borah and the Foreign Relations Committee; South, Reed Smoot of Utah, the Mormon Church and the Senate Finance Committee; East, Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana and Teapot Dome; and West, Hiram Johnson of California and the Opposition.

The important thing about the Rockies is not so much their position as their strategic strength. Taking advantage of the seniority rule in the Senate, the representatives of the higher altitudes are renowned for political longevity. They rarely fail of reëlection, and as a result the Rocky Mountaineers are chairmen of nearly every important Senate Committee.

The statistics of the situation are particularly pleasing. The seven Rocky Mountain States — Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming — contain about half the population of the state of Illinois. If you add to them the population of Washington, Oregon and California, the combined total is about equal to that of Pennsylvania and a million and a half less than that of New York. Naturally, these seven or ten states control from 14 to 20 votes in the Senate as compared with two votes apiece for Illinois and New York and, until recently, one vote for Pennsylvania. That's fair enough, for it's precisely what the Sainted Founders of the Republic, in their inscrutable wisdom, wrote into the Constitution.

The consequences, however, are rather piquant. There is a horse and a half to every voter in Idaho and the great majority are for Borah. California has a cow for every Republican vote and is solid for Hiram Johnson. There are 80,000 people in the state of Nevada, 44,000 horses, 343,000 cattle, and over 3,000,000 sheep,

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and they are admirably represented by Key Pittman. Utah's Mormons with their beets have seven sheep for every voter, and Reed Smoot gathers their wool in Washington. In all seven Mountain States 700,000 votes were cast for Hoover in 1928, when Illinois cast two and a half times as many and New York and Pennsylvania each tripled the mountain ballot. Even if you add the 1,700,000 ballots of the coast, you can't escape the feeling that the Mountains are voting livestock. At any rate, you get government by the consent of the Rocky Mountains.

This, again, is just, fair and according to Hoyle; that is to say, constitutional. And if Pennsylvania and New York don't like it they can try to amend the constitution.

The only unfair aspect of the situation lies in the mountaineers' control of the Senate Committees. A Senate Committee ranks in power with a branch of the executive; it is a small government department, and the Chairman is well-nigh all powerful. In the mountain constituencies, political life is not as arduous as on the sidewalks of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Where constituents are few and railroads and mining corporations are big, where the voters are mainly occupied with watching wool grow, hunting for gold in them hills, or supervising Mexican women and children beet-pickers, a Senator has the life of Riley, compared to the high political mortality among wretched Easterners who have to spend time, money and energy in fighting for renomination against well-financed opposition. Therefore the Mountain Senators have long careers.

Now Committee Chairmanships go largely by seniority. Observe the results: McNary of Oregon, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture; Smoot of Utah, Finance Committee; Norbeck of South Dakota, Banking and Currency; Smoot again, Appropriations; Borah of Idaho, Foreign Relations; Johnson of California, Immigration Committee; Pittman of Nevada, ranking Democrat on the Interstate Commerce Committee; Irrigation and Reclamation, solidly controlled by Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Colorado, California, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, and Arizona; Phipps of Colorado, Post Offices. Even this list is not complete. The Committees controlled by others than mountaineers include such potent bodies as the Library of Congress Committee, Printing, Enrolled Bills, Executive Expenditures, Inter-Oceanic Canals, Public Buildings, and Territories and Insular Affairs. Interstate Commerce manufacturers (which is headed by La Follette, who is a mountaineer

by disposition), Military Affairs, Naval Affairs and Rules are the only important committees under American control. The Rockies' control of Finance and Foreign Relations is worth all the other Committees in one.

Seniority does it. You can't make old men of the mountains in a day. Ashurst of Arizona has been in the Senate since 1912. Hiram Johnson arrived in 1916. Phipps has represented Colorado since 1918. Borah has been a Senator since 1907, Reed Smoot since 1903, King of Utah since 1916. Walsh of Montana first began to make a noise like an investigation in 1912. That is why the rest of the country hasn't got a chance against the old men of the mountains. They have numbers, seniority, the Constitution, unlimited oratory, sheep, beets, mines and Mormons at their back.

Nothing can pass without winning the consent of the mountaineers. Senator Borah is consistently opposed to the Administration, the League of Nations, the World Court, the American Navy, the British Navy, the Monrovoid Doctrines. He is firm for Peace, the Outlawry of War, the Freedom of the Seas and Parity for Agriculture. Smoot wants protection on sheep, wool, and woolen goods and he doesn't care who knows it. Dear old Senator King of Utah is opposed to Marines, to Haiti, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, China and elsewhere. Hiram Johnson wants Boulder Dam badly. Shortridge wants peace and the old time religion. Pittman of Nevada wants a good market for silver. Phipps of Colorado wants the same for steel. McNary of Oregon wants the farmer to say he's happy, and a stiff duty on Canadian lumber. Walsh of Montana wants another oil scandal. Thomas of Idaho wants people to remember that there are two senators from that blessed State. And they all want — and expect — to retain office.

This story has no happy ending. It will simply be continued in our next Congress, and the next, till the cows come home. As there are over ten million cattle in the state of mind known as the Rocky Mountains, this will take a long, long time. But if the East can't change the Constitution that gives the West its bucolic omnipotence, the least it can do is to build a few Borahs of its own and export them to the Rockies for use in national politics. And that's what the East has been doing. Of Colorado's two Senators, one was born in Vermont and the other in Pennsylvania; New Mexico has a Senator who was born on Long Island. Of Idaho's Ambassadors, one is from Illinois and the other from Kansas, which explains many things. Of Montana's two investigators, one comes from Wisconsin and the other from Massachusetts. These things suggest that the best advice that can be given to an ambitious Eastern politician is, "Go West, old man, go West!"

# *Fortunes that Farmers Throw Away*

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (April, '30)

*E. E. Free*
Distinguished scientific writer

A MILLION dollars is bet on saving the American farmer.

A corporation, capitalized at that amount, was recently organized to put cornstalks, the chief agricultural product of the United States, to industrial uses. The new organization grows out of years of scientific research, mainly conducted by Professor O. R. Sweeney of Iowa State College.

About 150,000,000 tons of cornstalks are raised by American farmers every year. Cornstalks are America's biggest crop except hay. These cornstalks, hoed, fertilized and saved from insects, the farmer throws away. Only the fact that this has always been done keeps sane people from laughing at the absurd spectacle of millions of farmers carefully raising cornstalks and doing nothing with them.

More is involved than the mere prosperity of the corn belt, for there can be little doubt that the real trouble with American agriculture, the chronic disease which is keeping the farmer poor, is the failure of the farming industry to keep up with scientific research. Other industries maintain research laboratories costing millions of dollars which study wastes. Meat packers "save everything but the squeal." Even city garbage is made into lubricating grease, stock food, fertilizer, and combustible gas. But farmers still throw away every year billions of tons of material — by far the vastest industrial waste in the world.

So far, it must be confessed, agriculture has had more harm than benefit from industrial chemistry. Indigo, once an agricultural staple in India, is now altogether synthetic. Synthetic tanning materials have also cut into the farmer's markets. Chemical processes of making hard edible fats from peanut oil and cottonseed oil have resulted in decreased prices for natural lard, once the main "money crop" of the hog raiser. But synthetic chemistry has nothing against the farmer. It is merely that the farm's competitors have been quicker to call it in. Now it must be the farmer's turn.

Cornstalks contain three substances, lignin, pentosan, and ordinary cellulose such as is found in cotton or wood fiber. Paper can be made from the cellulose fiber of cornstalks, as can many other


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products ranging from smokeless powder to rayon. It is proposed, however, that the first main product of the new cornstalk industry be a kind of synthetic building material of the wall board class, made by compressing the cellulose fiber and much of the lignin of the stalks into hard, woodlike sheets which would be a lumber substitute of low price but good quality.

Another material, made in Professor Sweeney's laboratory and tested by the United States Bureau of Standards under the name of "maizolith" or "maize stone," is said to consist of the cellulose fiber so treated that it becomes a jelly. This jelly is then compressed into a substance resembling hard rubber, useful for electric insulation, noiseless gears, and similar purposes.

From 100 pounds of natural cornstalks it is possible to produce, Professor Sweeney finds, 24 pounds of a liquid called furfural, now finding increasing uses in chemical industries as a solvent. A new sweetening material, said to be 300 times as sweet as sugar, has also been made from cornstalks. More than 3000 separate chemical materials can be produced, Professor Sweeney states, from the lignin, pentosan, and cellulose found in cornstalks.

But there are other great wastes in agriculture. The chief of them is probably straw. Here again the same cellulose fiber is present. China and Japan have made paper from rice straw for generations. Other forms of waste are oat hulls, buckwheat hulls, pea vines, bean plants, dried pods, and so on.

All such strawlike materials can yield a rare sugar called xylose or "wood sugar," hitherto a chemical curiosity but with properties, the Bureau of Standards says, "which ought to make it a desirable material for use in food, textile, and leather industries."

From straw of almost any kind can be obtained not only furfural and xylose, but acetic acid like that present in vinegar, wood alcohol, oxalic acid used in cleaning stonewear and plumbing, tar, illuminating gas, woodlike materials, paper, and several kinds of wall board materials.

Among more specialized agricultural industries which already have utilized by-products successfully, an example is the pineapple industry of the Hawaiian Islands. When slices of fresh pineapple are prepared for canning much of the fruit must be pared away to remove the hard, scaly rind. This rind was formerly thrown away. Some years ago a group of chemists developed a process for saving this waste pineapple. From it the industry now recovers vast quantities of pineapple syrup, sugar, citric acid, and other salable substances.

The sugar industry is another that is saving its by-products. Waste molasses is fermented to yield alcohol. Fiber from the waste sugar cane is made into wall board, heat-insulating material, etc., until these former by-products are said now to be more important in some regions than the sugar itself.

The cotton industry now makes use of its by-product cotton seed; oil and a compressed cake useful for stock food or fertilizer being the chief salable materials. The dairy industry now uses casein, once thrown away in skim milk, to make plastic materials resembling hard rubber. The tobacco industry uses waste stalks and coarser leaves as a source of nicotine, turned back to agriculture as an insecticide. Apple cores and skins have become a commercial source of pectin, the material which makes jellies "jell." The small or damaged fruits from California orange or lemon orchards are used for making juices, oils, sugar, and pectin, and after this has been extracted, the ultimate pulp is useful for stock food.

These are examples of how chemistry has aided well-organized agriculture. Others are possible. Asparagus canning, for instance, still has a large unused by-product of the lower ends of stalks. Grape skins are not so useful as their chemical content of acids, vegetable dyes, and vitamines may some day make them. Present public interest in vitamins and mineral salts for human diets probably provides opportunity for utilizing wasted parts of spinach plants, onion tops, cull carrots, extra leaves from lettuce and cabbage, cull cucumbers, and other green-leaf by-products of the vegetable industry.

But these are organized industries. How can chemistry be applied to diffuse, absolutely unorganized agriculture?

Professor Sweeney and his associates have an answer. They foresee a network of small factories scattered over the corn belt states. To these factories farmers will bring their cornstalks, and will receive a cash price for the stalks in addition to the price of the corn.

This plan cannot but appeal to everyone who knows agricultural America for the reason that it requires a minimum of coöperation from the farmers themselves, who are notoriously difficult to organize. Gradually these factories will help the farmer to realize that coöperation pays. This is why the million-dollar bet on cornstalks seems a promising event for the American farm.

# *The Notebook of M. Ravel*

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (April, '30)
The Contributors' Club

I DID not have the pleasure of knowing M. Ravel in the days when he was still struggling with the first principles of the English language. Like everyone else, of course, I had heard of him, and had smiled at his difficulties with the idiosyncrasies of our tongue, as reported in the newspapers of the time. You will recall, for example, his remarks concerning the absurdities of the word "fast." A horse was fast when he was tied to a hitching post. The same animal was also fast under exactly diametric circumstances — when he was running away. A woman was fast if she smoked cigarettes. A color was fast if it didn't fade. To fast was to go without food. Et cetera. What a language!

Today, M. Ravel speaks English with only the faintest of French accents. The other evening, after listening with polite incredulity to an account of my own difficulties with the French language, he shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps. But when you have mastered it, you will understand. Like everything that is French, our language is always logical. But this English! Ah! I know it; but I do not understand it. Last winter I had a very bad cold. A friend said to me, 'Jules, your voice is very husky.' Husky? As a noun it is an Eskimo. I consulted my dictionary. 'Husky,' adjective. . . . Ah! To be sure! 'Powerful, strong, burly.' Like an Eskimo. Logical enough. Very neat! . . . But my voice, it is so weak I can hardly use it. Is this some American humor my friend employs? I look in the dictionary again. Ah, a second meaning: 'dry, harsh, hoarse.' So! I see what my friend means.

"But what a language! One must hear first and then remember word for word. I remember reading a description of a view from a mountain top. It said that from where the man stood he could overlook the whole valley. I knew but one meaning for 'overlook.' You overlook something you forget to pack up — your opera hat, perhaps. Or you ignore something. But here was a man overlooking a whole valley! There it was, spread out at his feet; and yet he overlooked it. In other words, as I thought, he said he could ignore it. But why should he want to ignore it?

"Once more. We Latins tell you Anglo-Saxons that you are too stiff. Sometimes you say,

'Yes, yes; it is true. We do not unbend enough.' Unbend? What is that? You mean you do not *bend* enough, since you are too stiff. But you say, 'We do not *unbend* enough.' And yet when a man is stiff and firm you also say that he is unbending. What an idiom!"

"Look here, Jules," I managed to interpose at last. "Have you been collecting these — these paradoxes?"

"I have a notebook full of them. I will give you another one, the word 'temper.' The Lord 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' He softens the wind, *n'est-ce pas?* But 'to temper' means to harden, does it not? When you harden steel, your idiom says you temper it.

"And what is the difference between 'to loosen' and 'to unloosen'? Will you tell me that? They mean one and the same, do they not? And yet they should be opposites, the one destructive of the other. It strikes me that this is foolish."

His eyes were flashing. But the next instant he was all apology.

"Ah, my friend! Forgive me! I do not mean it as it sounds. It is impertinent of me to call your language foolish!"

"Impertinent? Why no, Jules, not at all. It is all very interesting to me, and quite to the point."

Then I grinned.

"To the point! In other words, Jules, quite pertinent. There, put that in your notebook. 'In-' is a negative prefix, and yet very often the most pertinent remark a man could make *is* the most impertinent."

My broad smile brought no echo to his face. Instead, he looked now so suddenly and completely unhappy that I hastened to add: —

"Don't mistake me, Jules. You haven't offended me at all. Of course the English idiom is full of absurdities."

His gloom deepened.

"And I have no doubt," I lied in further haste, "that if I ever do really master French I shall find it as logical as mathematics."

Still he did not smile. His face showed that something extraordinary had happened to him. At last he spoke: —

"Pertinent! Impertinent! I never thought of *them* before. It is very strange. I am confounded. Perhaps — perhaps the English is not so illogical — after all."

"No, Jules?"

"No. You see, it — it is the same thing in French. We have those two same words also."

# *Prisoners of Mussolini*

Condensed from The North American Review (March, '30)

*Francesco Fausto Nitti*

Nephew of Francesco Nitti, exiled liberal ex-Premier of Italy

LAMPEDUSA is an arid and desolate island inhabited by a miserable 400 fishers of sponges and *tonni*. There is not a tree on it, hardly a patch of vegetation, not a piece of cultivated earth.

This was the place to which I had been sentenced for five years of exile among convicts serving life sentences. On our arrival, 300 of these unhappy creatures were on Lampedusa, living the life of beasts. Allotted to large rooms, deprived of all cleanliness, light and air, dressed in sordid uniforms of black and yellow stripes, these men with whom we political *deportés* were compelled to divide our existence aroused both our compassion and our loathing. They were of all ages, guilty of all crimes. Nearly all were alcoholics.

The Government allows these convicts four lire (about 20 cents) a day, out of which to manage an existence. They simply exist. They lie on the ground under the heat of an African sun, awaiting the hour to retire into their dormitories, in which they are locked every evening at sunset. It is needless to add that the Government's allowance is expended for drink, which is sold in various dirty holes in the village, and which they prefer to food. Despite the vigilance of their guards, many of the convicts are armed with knives. In their quarrels inspired by alcohol, they kill one another. During my stay, I saw men killed, slashed to death and bathed in blood.

We political prisoners were placed in a long, low room not far from the quarters of the convicts. We were locked in at five in the evening, and taken out at seven in the morning. The air inside the room was insufficient, but for 14 hours a day we lay in this vile atmosphere. There were 120 political prisoners crowded like animals into that single room. In the mornings, we were allowed to walk about the streets of the village, but not to leave its limits. There were neither books nor papers allowed to us. We were not permitted even to exercise sufficiently, and there were no rules of hygiene that were respected.

The lieutenant of the Fascist militia which guarded us was of a vicious type and hated the political *deportés* under his guard.

*Note:* The full story of Signor Nitti's unexplained arrest, life as a prisoner, and final escape is related in his book "Escape," published by Putnam's.

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He frequently declared that he would kill us all, that we were scum by reason of being anti-Fascists, and that few of us would leave the island alive. The members of the Italian Parliament among the prisoners frequently suffered from his fury. I was frequently threatened by the Lieutenant, who regarded me with an especial bitterness because I bore the name of my uncle, former Premier of Italy. Many were made to feel the whip which he always carried.

The surveillance was very strict, but a violent episode drove us to search avidly for a means of communicating with friends on the mainland. Pietro Rossi, a Roman youth, was stabbed by the Lieutenant and soon died. The young man's only sin was that he sang some songs in the Roman dialect, which the officer interpreted as anti-Fascist despite the fact that they had no political content whatever.

It would be better, we thought, to fall at once beneath the blows of our guards than to witness daily these outrageous persecutions. A few of us conferred together and devised a means for informing those on the mainland what was happening to us. From the mainland, the news spread abroad, and the foreign press published stories revealing the character of our existence. The Government at Rome became fearful, and sought to correct conditions. In due course Lampedusa was cleared of political prisoners, and we were distributed among the islands of Favignana, Pantelleria, Ustica, and Lipari. I was assigned to Lipari, and there saw renewed the persecutions to which we seemed doomed.

I was on Lipari from March, 1927, to July, 1929, or more than two years. Every morning there was a general roll call of the prisoners, followed by a distribution of the governmental subsidy of ten lire per head. The subsidy was not enough even to satisfy the appetite for food. A small number of the *deportés* received help from their families, and so were able to live not too miserably. Those who had their wives and children with them suffered the greatest privation.

My state of mind after a few months of life in such surroundings was sad. Kept under especial surveillance with a few others, deprived of any possibility of work, forced to follow daily a life both monotonous and humiliating, my spirit struggled toward freedom as a man deprived of water strives to reach a spring. My only comfort was in association with the friends around me, the flower of Italian culture and political education, among them Emilio Lussu, member of the parliament for two

terms, and Carlo Rosselli, professor of political economy at the University of Florence.

Lussu had been an officer in the Army for eight years. He had fought in the World War as a captain in the celebrated Brigata Sassari, and had won four medals for valor on the field of action. Rosselli had also served as an officer during the war.

There on the island, Lussu, Rosselli and I resolved to unite our ingenuity for escape from our misery. For almost a year and a half, we studied our plan and prepared a project with the most meticulous care, despite the fact that all three of us were kept under watch. We tried to live in such a manner as to eliminate suspicion. Lussu, for example, having been gravely ill, continued after his recovery to behave as though still very weak.

In the meantime, by mysterious ways, we communicated with political friends resident abroad. For obvious reasons, I am not at liberty to disclose the channel through which we effected this communication. Suffice it to say that these friends had promised us effective assistance. They made good those promises. After long months of bitterness, disillusionment, untiring effort, and unheard of suffering, the time came for us to shake off our chains. . . .

It is 8:30 in the evening of July 27, 1929. We know that our friends are coming to fetch us. They are coming in a fast motor boat from a distant coast, risking everything that we may be free again. By divers routes, having devised our several means for eluding the vigilance of our guards, we three are to reach the shore, and make our separate ways to the appointed rendezvous.

I reach the water's edge at a rocky point, dark and deserted. From where I am, in the obscurity, I can see nearby the brightly illuminated village square, detachments of Fascist militia, and the police boats on the water. To reach the spot agreed upon, I must cover a part of the coast patrolled by two vigilant detachments of guards. Dressed as I am, I throw myself into the sea, and swim along the shore at a safe distance for about 150 yards to the point of the rendezvous. I am the first to reach the spot. Where is our boat?

Our rescuers have been given the most detailed information concerning the island. Aboard the rescue ship, I know, is a very dear friend, who served two years on Lipari and was then put at liberty. He is guiding the boat to the rendezvous.

The Fascist bugle sounds *Ritirata*. It is nine o'clock, the time when the exiles must be in their quarters. For a few minutes, I wait in a state of anxiety

beyond description. Where are Lussu and Rosselli? I imagine the most tragic possibilities. Have they been discovered? The sound of a motor coming from over the water makes me tremble. It draws nearer — nearer — nearer. A long shadow, of solid black, creeps into my vision. Then — I recognize my friends. Eagerly, I plunge into the water and swim to the craft.

Clambering aboard, I am received with all the manifestations of the warmest affection. My friends shut off the motor so as to eliminate its noise. In an indescribable state of mind, we wait in silence for Lussu and Rosselli. They do not come!

It is almost 9:40. In a short time the alarm will be given, hundreds of men will begin scouring the island for us, and police boats will search the sea. About 9:45 we hear sounds ashore. Soon afterward, we see the heads of two men swimming vigorously in our direction. Discarding all caution, we start the motor, and head our boat in their direction. In an instant, Lussu and Rosselli are aboard. In another, we are rushing away with all speed.

We have a slight advantage over our pursuers, and we are sure it will prove sufficient. At a fantastic speed, we double the extreme cape of the island and then that of the neighboring island, Vulcano, and drive into the open sea. Without relaxation, we plunge on thus through the entire night. The day brings a land of freedom.

Lussu and Rosselli tell us why they were late. Lussu, disguised as an old islander, had been compelled at the last minute to change his route in order to avoid a Fascist patrol which that evening had appeared at a place where none had ever been before. Rosselli had been forced to hide himself to escape various patrols which had appeared unexpectedly.

Unfortunately, since our escape, life on the islands has become more miserable for our friends. One, Paolo Fabbri, whose term was soon to have expired, has been arrested on charges of complicity. He, like our other best and dearest friends on the island, was absolutely in the dark as to our plans. Absolute secrecy was most essential to our success. Rosselli's wife, an Englishwoman, was arrested while spending the summer in Piedmont, and was released only after a lively campaign in the British press against such a medieval act of reprisal. Rosselli's brother, a student of history never in politics, was seized and exiled to Ustica.

Our joy in our regained liberty is marred by the thought of so many of our citizens still languishing in the prisons and on the islands.

# *Birth Control or War?*

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (March 26, '30)

*Henry Kittredge Norton*
Author of "China and the Powers," "Back of War," etc.

BIRTH control or war? Those who have a liking for either will readily countenance the elimination of the other, but the choice between the two, if it is a necessary one, has a horrific aspect for many.

There is no accepted standard of size for a nation, either as to the number of its people or the extent of its territory. The United States with its 120,000,000 people is not overcrowded, while Japan with half as many people feels congested in a territory less than one-tenth as large. And 7,000,000 Australians fairly rattle around in a land as large as the United States.

In this disproportion the Japanese find ground for complaint, just as do the Italians who have to maintain 40,000,000 people on an area hardly more than half that possessed by the same number of Frenchmen. The underlying thought in both cases is that the world's arable land should be distributed more uniformly.

Let us suppose for a moment that the ideal were somehow put into force, that all land were divided up equally among men, whatever their nationality. Then let nature take its course and the next generation grow to maturity. Some of the ideal one-family farms would still be maintaining one family in prosperous circumstances and others would be groaning under the weight of six, eight or ten families. The first group would be white — probably French — and the others colored — Japanese, Chinese or Hindu. What next? Redistribute the land among the men of each generation? Such a course would mean periodically taking land from one-family peoples to supply the ever-increasing hordes of the ten-family peoples. General prosperity would give way first to general privation, then to destitution, and finally to degradation and the struggle for mere existence.

The present plea of overcrowded nations for more land as an outlet for their surplus population leads logically in just this direction. Japanese statisticians have declared that there is room in the world for 2,500,000,000 people living on the Japanese standard while the world can support only 1,000,000,000 on the American standard. Therefore, they triumphantly conclude, Americans should move up a bit

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and make room for these extra hundreds of millions. But should we? Pursue this reasoning in the other direction. The world might support 3,500,000,000 people on the Chinese or Indian standard. Are the Japanese ready to move up a bit closer to make room for these extra hundreds of millions merely because the Chinese and Indians can breed faster and live lower than they can?

The pressure of mass-procreation must be held back by force or civilization must surrender. That surrender may be either wholesale or retail. Whenever the world tolerates the seizure of the territory of one country by another and recognizes its legal validity, that is wholesale surrender. Retail surrender is involved in some aspects of the immigration process.

Critics of the exclusion laws of the United States, Canada, Australia contend that there is within the borders of these countries an enormous amount of arable land which is unused. This land it is asserted would maintain, in what for them would be affluence, millions of immigrants from the overcrowded countries. The conclusion is that the lands should be made available for the immigrants. But remember the ten-family farms. Those unused lands, beyond the margin of profit for Americans, Canadians, Australians, are the very bulwark which sustains their higher standard of living. Admit the highly procreative peoples to them and those high standards sink. This is retail surrender to mass-procreation.

There is but one way to a satisfactory solution for those who desire the peace and progress of all mankind. That is for each nation to adjust its population to such numbers as its present territory will support on whatever standard of living it desires.

The colored peoples make prompt rejoinder. It is all very well, they say, for the white race, now that it has secured much of the Americas, most of Africa, and all of Australia for its own expansion, to cry quits and suggest that everybody keep what he has. The colored spokesmen can see no justice in that. They insist that the races are equal and that the yellow and brown are entitled to as much land per capita as the white. Reduced to its fundamentals, this is simply a claim that because the yellow and the brown races have produced more children, therefore they are entitled to more of the earth's surface. If there be any injustice in the proposal to maintain the status quo, it will be less than the injustice caused by the unending efforts to change it by military power.

But how much of an injustice is there in maintaining the status quo? India and China had an

advanced civilization 3000 years ago. Japan makes hers 2500 years old. In comparison, the civilization of Europe and America is hardly out of its swaddling clothes. During all those centuries before it had found itself, the Americas, Africa and Australia were sparsely peopled by savages. Did the yellow and brown races make any effort to reclaim them for civilization? No — without the achievements of the white race, the yellow and brown would be just where they are today so far as room for expansion is concerned.

Whichever way the scales of justice may tip, it is perfectly obvious to any person who prefers fact to fantasy that the peoples who possess lands on this shrinking globe of ours are not going to hand them over to others without being forced to do it. Thus it is clear that we shall have war or the menace of war until such time as the mass-procreation peoples consent to restrain their reproductive proclivities.

It was the fashion for a time to smile condescendingly at the predictions of Malthus. It was held that the industrial revolution had utterly invalidated his conclusions in that England's population had doubled and trebled beyond the limits he had set for it. England was able to accomplish this, however, because there were other parts of the world untouched by the industrial revolution. The great undeveloped areas of the new world and the backward masses of Asia absorbed her industrial products and enabled her to sustain this increased population. But those halcyon days have passed. The rest of the world is not only increasingly able to supply its own industrial demands but is increasingly jealous of its right to do so. Now that the world is beginning to feel its unity, it becomes evident that the conclusions of Malthus have a new validity when applied to the world as a whole.

So, strive to escape as we will, the inevitable alternative seems still to face us. If the prolific peoples insist upon unlimited procreation, it will be impossible to restrain their land-hunger except by the presence of overwhelming force. War and the menace of war will thus remain with us until its alternative is accepted. Those who deduce moral arguments against birth control must, therefore, accept the responsibility for increasing the possibilities of war. The choice may be between two evils but the choice is there. There are only two alternatives and humanity must choose — birth control or war?

# *The Farmer's New Gold Brick*

Condensed from Plain Talk (April, '30)

*Clarence Darrow*
Internationally known lawyer and liberal thinker

IN England there are a million poor and jobless men on the Dole, getting a pound a week from the Government. Many of these men, or their families, are close to starvation.

Much of England's poverty is in the cities, but not all of it. The English farmer, like our own farmer, is crying loudly for help. And of late he has raised his cry particularly against cheap German wheat which, imported into England, has cut wheat prices. The people of England are hungry and the wicked Germans are dumping wheat on the island. Clearly, something must be done. The English farmers and some of the politicians have virtually issued a call to arms to prevent any more food from coming to their shores. It seems that it is an offense even more serious than theft to go to a stranger's land and leave him something of value.

The English farmer has also noticed that the river Mersey is clogged with ships from America, all of them loaded to the guards with food. The farmer talks as if these ships should not be allowed to land. In olden times, when famine beset a people, a ship bearing food was hailed with joy and thanksgiving. Under our new political economy it is an enemy ship because it brings food to the famishing people and thus cuts down the price of grain. Verily we live in a crazy world.

The English farmer who raises grain does not represent more than ten percent of the population of the island, but all her people eat bread — if they are able to get it. The interest of the farmer is plain: a tax must be put on foreign grain so that the English farmer can get more for what he has to sell. It is a simple plan: If the 10 percent can tax the 90 percent it will help the 10 percent. The fact that a lot of hungry people will then be unable to get bread makes no difference.

Why should not the idea be carried to its logical conclusion, as the French economist Bastiat proposed some 45 years ago? Let England cut out all competition and produce everything she needs, including the production of her own tropical fruits. True, she cannot grow them in the open air, but she can build immense greenhouses all over the


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land. This will furnish work for the carpenters, bricklayers, iron-workers, glassblowers, and others. It will also consume millions of tons of coal. This would open the closed mines and set people to work and make England prosperous once more. Somehow, I cannot interest the English in the plan, although they admit that it is sound.

I have been speaking of England because the problem is most acute in that country just now, but the logic applies equally to America. This country is doing as much as it possibly can in the way of protection. No sooner does any foreigner undertake to send America something to eat or wear than she calls out her police-force and dams up the leaks. There are hosts of men in this country who spend their time trying to find out if some foreign country has been sending something to our shores. If such an act is discovered they get hot on the trail of the offender. No tax is too high and no effort too vigilant to resort to in the case of any foreign enemy bringing anything to the United States. Such conduct might possibly lessen work and the profits made from the worker. From England, the tariff committee in America looks like an auction shop where everyone is putting in his bid for what he wants.

The philosophy of protection is simple. So are its victims. If it could be worked out it would mean that every man would be able to levy a tax on his fellowman. This would be much easier than getting his bread through the sweat of his brow. The other fellow's sweat does not so much matter. If the tax could be levied equally upon all the people in a given country, it obviously would aid no one. It would then remind one of the boys at school who tried to lift themselves over the fence by their boot-straps. But tariff taxes are never levied equally. As everywhere else in life, those who have the least need get the most attention.

Already the favored industries in this country are beginning to feel shame over the raw joke they have so long used to fool the American farmer. Thus far it has been sufficient to put duties on wheat and beans. Though America does not import these things, the duties made a pretense of helping the farmer. But now the politicians are afraid that the farmer may understand the joke, so they propose to help him.

What we really want in America, what all protectionists want, is a chance to sell at high prices without buying anything in return. This seems a difficult problem, but no doubt the tariff committee will be able to work it out. Anyhow, I see by the press that farm-relief is in sight, for the

Government is now building rat-proof mausoleums in which the farmer may store his wheat so that he can sell it at a high price when other farmers are not looking. This time may never come, but the sacred principle of protection is put into effect.

If the Government would give the farmers the right to buy in the open market of the world where they sell their grain, it is possible that they might paddle their own canoes — or prairie schooners. They might even look after themselves better than the tariff barons who give them the false bait of taxes on wheat.

The farmers make up probably two-fifths of our population. That they have a just grievance everyone admits, but that it can be cured by doles is only in keeping with the false idea that the Government exists for the benefit of those who make the most insistent demands. How long will it be until some other class of American citizens will be knocking at the door of the treasury department, asking the Government to follow the precedent that has already been set? If the farmers were unhampered by the tariff, they could care for themselves. If they could not then thrive, they would be useless cumberers of the earth who should not live upon the labors of the rest.

Whatever may be done in England by the tariff committee to increase the burdens of the consumer, it seems fairly sure that she will not abandon her policy of open trade. The real statesmen of England will not submit to levying a tax upon the poor man's bread. There are too many half-starved men and women walking the streets of Great Britain for any real statesman to dare to put a tax on food.

For myself, I have always believed, as England's great economists have taught, that it is wrong for the Government to tax one citizen to make another rich. Trade produces wealth. I have no patience with the idea that the man who sells is a robber who should be banned by law. I believe that in all fair trade both parties profit by the exchange. Neither do I believe that there are exceptions to this rule. The man who cannot prosper under fair trade should follow some other line of activity.

To hamper free exchange between buyer and seller is to strike a vital blow at the civilization of the world. Commerce, within and without, is the life-blood of every land. What the world needs is a closer relation between men and nations, which will make it easier for each man to pursue his own calling and add to his wealth by exchanging what he can spare for the things he needs.

# *Ants that Kill Elephants*

Condensed from The Mentor (March, '30)

*John W. Vandercook*
Author of "Tom-Tom," "Black Majesty," etc.

THE lion, we have been taught to believe, is king of the jungle. Without wishing to incur the displeasure of any lions, it would be well to edit that statement. In the first place, no lions ever lived in a jungle — they confine themselves to sparsely treed plains country. And in the true jungle there reigns a different king before whom even the lion would quail. This other autocrat is not imposing. No zoo bothers to give it cage room. It is merely a black ant called the Driver.

On different occasions I have walked many hundred miles through the African woods, and have learned certain things. A leopard will usually run if you shout "Boo!" at it. Pythons are sleepy monsters, unlikely to give trouble. And I know positively that cannibals are mild-mannered colored gentlemen much more interested in the coin of the realm than in the flavor of my inadequate biceps.

But I am abjectly afraid of Driver ants. I have wept with pain and terror under their attack. And I believe an elephant or a leopard or a cannibal would feel the same about it.

My acquaintance with Drivers began one day several years ago when I was walking with my native porters along a narrow jungle path. Suddenly a man ahead of me cried out shrilly and jumped back. Then others began to run and jump pounding their bare feet violently on the ground. My imagination was ready for anything from a sacred war dance to a visitation by wild elephants. For a moment only the truth was disappointing.

A vicious dark tape about two inches wide emerged from the grass at one side. It was formed of black ants. On closer inspection there proved to be two kinds of ants in the moving strip. The middle channel was composed of thousands upon thousands of dark, reddish-black "workers," ants about three eights of an inch in length, that went forward at a great speed. At either side of the column much larger fellows with huge, pincer-like mandibles formed protecting walls that moved at a much slower rate. These were the "soldiers." Each would run forward a few inches, then stop and seesaw his pincers viciously back and forth, clearly looking for

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trouble. Every second a half-dozen soldiers would detach themselves from the main column, scour the terrain for a distance of three or four feet and return to the main column. The order of march was perfect. So much I learned. Then I yelped with sudden pain and automatically copied the jumping, stamping exercise of the porters. A half-dozen Drivers had swarmed upon me and were on my bare arms, drawing little gouts of blood with every bite and apparently burning the skin with a strong acid. When I got them off I was gasping. Several had forced their jaws into the heavy leather of my boots. They hung on so venomously they left their still active saw teeth in the leather after the rest of their bodies had been torn away. Where they had bitten more promising material they had literally gouged out morsels of flesh.

The Drivers travel always in columns identical with the one I have described. I have heard of one column that passed a given point for 16 unbroken days and nights. Such quantities as that are computable only by astronomical figures.

They are strictly carnivorous. Unlike most ants they show no interest in sugar or breadstuffs. Their path is controlled purely by chance or the presence of prey. In the open fields grubs, worms and insects are their normal diet. The soldiers attack with a curious jumping motion and I have seen unwary butterflies dragged from a leaf tip. Any animal not in complete command of all its energies falls a ready prey. The great pythons which lapse into a state of coma after gorging themselves with food undoubtedly are sometimes destroyed by marauding Drivers.

Since the Drivers swarm to the tops of the tallest trees and examine every twig and leaf in their way, small birds and tree animals live in perpetual dread of them and any animal that is disabled — even to a wounded or trapped elephant — is liable to most fearful extermination. An elephant's instinctive weapon against them would be his trunk which is extremely sensitive. One can imagine the effect of a thousand biting Drivers swarming in that delicate tube. Others would cover the enormous carcass like a flood of oil. The eyes would be quickly vulnerable. Against the Driver's mandibles even the heavy hide cannot last long. Natives say these ants can clean an elephant to white, smooth bone in less than three days.

Frequently they swarm down upon villages. The villagers, provided they have made a painless get-away, are quite pleased when the Drivers come. An African

house usually accumulates disagreeable livestock — rats, mice, spiders, snakes, flies, cockroaches and insects too varied to list. These the Drivers completely exterminate, and when they have left, town life is resumed under delightfully novel hygienic conditions.

Little close study naturally has been made of Driver society. They are formidable subjects. But a few things are definitely known: The Drivers are extraordinarily subject to sunlight and extraordinarily impervious to water. The direct rays of the African sun will kill a Driver in two minutes. Usually, then, their expeditions occur at night or in the dense forest or on cloudy days. When a column does have to pass through filtered sunlight — sun through leaves, for instance — the soldiers, which apparently can stand sunlight better than the workers, form a tube about an inch in diameter composed entirely of their living bodies. The workers travel through this tube, and so firm is its construction that one may lift it from the ground with a stick without breaking its continuity. If, however, their road runs into the full glare of day they build a tunnel of earth mixed by their saliva into a firm cement and travel through it, building it up as they advance.

Since the Drivers have this curious objection to light, one would expect a concomitant adaptation to rain and water, and such is the case. An investigator many years ago learned by experiment that Drivers kept under water for over six hours completely recovered, though they had given every appearance of death shortly after submergence.

Nothing in their behavior is more remarkable than their procedure in crossing a stream. In the rainy season this is a common problem for them. When a Driver column reaches running water innumerable soldiers immediately detach themselves and make apparently an unconscious survey upstream and down. Finally, usually in a very few minutes, a particular point is selected and the ants crawl upon one another, the weakest in the center and the soldiers outside, until they have formed with their bodies a compact ball ranging from the size of a fist up to masses as large as hornets' nests. They then embark, are caught by the current and are in most cases, and with uncanny accuracy, swirled down to a point on the opposite bank. Subsequent balls follow, almost invariably the same course, until all are safely over.

One other thing is definitely known of the Drivers — a thing strangely hard to reconcile: the Driver ants are completely blind.

# *Getting More Fun Out of the Family Bus*

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (April, '30)

*Earnest Elmo Calkins*

IN 1927 there were 23,000,000 motor cars in this country, and that was about one car to five people. Since then the ratio has been lowered. We have enough cars for every man, woman and child in the country to go riding at once — except for one thing.

Car ownership is outstripping road-building. Taking the number of cars at 23,000,000 and the miles of paved roads at 575,000 (the latest figures we have — later ones would make it worse) there is a stretch of only one twentieth of a paved road mile for each car. So it is out of the question for us all to go riding at once.

Life is freer now than in horse-and-buggy days. But we are accepting rather meekly obstacles that stand in the way of splendid possibilities, obstacles that compel life to gyrate in smaller and smaller circles like a pup winding his leash around a post. Some of us still look upon a car as an end in itself rather than as a mere means to various delightful ends.

As soon as we begin to use a car we become acutely conscious that there are not enough roads. This is probably because the manufacture of cars is in the hands of individuals who ply their trade diligently while the manufacture of roads is in the hands of that vague entity known as the government which does things only when prodded. If we want more roads we must prod the roadmakers and be prepared to pay for roads. What we need most urgently are pleasure roads where we can invite our souls amid beautiful surroundings and get away from the steady stream of traffic that is going somewhere.

There is, as it happens, a large supply of raw material available in the numerous dirt roads which cross the country. All roads were like that once. When the motor cars came we picked out the ones most used and paved them, and we now have nearly 600,000 miles of hard roads, but there are five times as many miles of dirt roads. You know them. They go through delightful country, but they are either dusty or slippery, and not wide enough for two cars to meet without what the lawyers call mental agony. If these roads were paved to take the motor car's rubber foot, the direct traffic roads


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would be less congested, and each motorist could find what he most preferred.

Motor roads suffer from another drawback: their administration is far too parochial. In any considerable journey we have to pass over roads good, bad, and indifferent in accordance with local ideas of what constitutes a proper road. Signs, too, are of all kinds. Sometimes they are set up by road authorities, sometimes they are erected by local garages or hotels. These people may all have good ideas, but they are not the same ideas. There should be one style the country over, something that looks like nothing else and which could not be confused with signs bearing the priceless information that there is a hot-dog stand 500 feet ahead. And of course the traffic laws vary. What is legal in one state is a misdemeanor in another. There is even one state which will not allow you to cross its border without new license plates.

The problem of roads in the United States has no duplicate elsewhere in the world. In Europe roads came before railroads. Many of the magnificent mountain highways were built as military roads, and are one of the few benefits war has given civilization. Forty-six percent of all the roads in the world are in the United States, and 90 percent of all the world's motor cars try to use them. It will be a big job to make them all available, but not too big for a people that built the Ashokan Dam Aqueduct and the Panama Canal.

It would be far better and more beneficial to our 25,000,000 motorists if Uncle Sam took over this matter of roads more completely, instead of leaving so much to Aunt Mich or Aunt Mass and their numerous progeny, the counties and townships. Unfortunately three fourths of our roads depend now on the initiative and experience of local town selectmen, many of whom still think of road maintenance in terms of dragging a scraper over the roads once or twice a year.

If the federal government should undertake the building, maintaining, marking and mapping of all roads, we then might hope for a steady and systematic increase in the number of roads, with conditions uniform everywhere. Nor is this a wild dream. Representative Holaday has announced that he will press for passage at the next session of Congress a bill to authorize the federal government to construct a vast network of hard-surfaced highways from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The discussion will no doubt open up the whole question of federal control of roads. The work will be better planned if all roads are at least considered at the same time.

Roads should be classified according to use, surface and width. Primary roads connecting large centers should be direct, four-lane roads, to provide for both fast and slow traffic. Secondary roads should be of three-lane width providing alternate communication between those same cities. Such roads should be paved with concrete.

Concrete costs $60,000 a mile. We need not be dismayed at this figure, who as a nation accept a program for a whole fleet of battleships to cost $700,000,000, which will not last so long or give us so much satisfaction as 10,000 miles of good highway. Congressman Holaday's proposal calls for $3,000,000,000, but there is no national enterprise that will repay us so richly in pleasure and in dollars. It will insure the future of the motor industry with its 4,000,000 employes. It will give employment to other millions building the roads. And it will treble the value of the investment each of us has in his car.

The lesser roads do not need concrete surfacing. There are many less expensive treatments that will render them good for the slower driving that goes with sight-seeing. Already one experimenter claims to have perfected a process for turning dirt roads into hard, smooth and practically indestructible highways at a cost of $1600 a mile for a 20-foot roadway. Here, at least, is an invention that points the way. Our inventive genius is equal to the problem of producing satisfactory secondary roads.

Perhaps if Uncle Sam controlled the roads he would be willing to make the road maps. There are admirable road maps for France, known as *Cartes Michelin*. These maps are folded in sections like an accordion, so that each section can be opened like the pages of a book without spreading the map to the wind. Where a road runs off the map there is an index number telling you where to look for it on the adjoining map.

These maps tell you everything that our maps do, and in addition they are eloquent about the features of the country itself. Golf links, customs houses, cemeteries, gun emplacements, monuments, to say nothing of mountains, rivers, forests, gorges, glens, caves, cascades and other natural features all add to the charm and usefulness of the map. Our map-makers say that the cost of making such road maps for our large country is prohibitive, and that we are entirely content with the primer class maps we have now. This I think is a libel.

Beautiful roads, good markings, better maps — all are possible and practicable if we, the 25,000,000 owners of cars, really want them.

# *The American Dwelling-House*

Condensed from The American Mercury (April, '30)

*Lewis Mumford*

Distinguished critic of modern architecture and decoration

THE old-fashioned house was usually designed to mark the status of the owner in society. The modern dwelling-house differs from it in being primarily a biological institution.

First of all the modern house is a building equipped to serve the normal functions of nutrition and repair, reproduction, and the elemental care of the young. Once we accept this notion that biological functions create the norm of the house, problems of design once based upon caprice must be treated within well-defined limits. The first question of all is orientation for sunlight and ventilation. A maximum amount of sunlight must enter the kitchen, the living-room, and the children's nursery. Genuine sun-porches are still mythical; yet ten minutes' exposure naked to sunlight is probably worth a whole day's exposure with clothes on; and the architect who does not incorporate a private sun-porch in his plan need not pride himself upon his cleverness in the kitchen.

Exposure to the sun is a vital matter, particularly to children, but in our torrid summers the problem is to secure adequate circulation of air. Artificial refrigeration, such as is now provided in theaters, is a very doubtful expedient; when one leaves cooled quarters to return to the superheated air of an August day, the result is not merely disgusting but dangerous. Summer ventilation must depend upon two things: the provision of gentle draughts; and the provision of shade trees which absorb the heat without reradiating it as stone and asphalt do. The paving about the house should be reduced to the lowest possible point.

If the biological house is first of all a sun-house, it is at the same time a playhouse. Without facilities for play, without floors that can be danced upon, without a room for children's games, without an external playground for ball and gymnastics, the house would be as incomplete as a furnace without a flue.

This need for play affects both the inner design and the exterior relationships. Considered from within, the modern house, no matter how small, must not be chopped up into small compartments, not one of which is large enough to permit more than the original family to gather in and move about in. The cellar also

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must be retained: mid the order, compactness, and neatness of the modern house at least one room should be sacred to the spirit of anarchy; one place should remain where disorder and the desire to accumulate useless mementos will carry neither stigma nor burden. The problem of outdoor playing space can hardly be solved by one house alone. It will be necessary to combine portions of land and create common areas under certain provisions of common care. This again means community planning, and this should be extended to the point of seeing that the children's daily walk to school is saved from the nightmare of automobile accidents.

Let us now consider the interior. How shall we decorate the modern house? How shall we keep it clean?

As to keeping it clean, the modern hospital gives us an answer. First of all, the floor must be made of compact, resiliant material that can either be washed or waxed — well-laid hardwood floors, cork strips, linoleum, and in warmer climates brick or tile. What place has a rug on the floor? The rug performs a function in only two places; one is the living-room, where as a sort of picture on the floor it provides a spot on which to focus one's gaze, either when alone or when one does not wish to look directly into the faces of one's companions; the other place is in the bedroom, where before one finds one's slippers, the rug breaks the chill of leaving a warm bed.

We now approach the walls, and we do this with trepidation. At whatever cost, these walls should be soundproof and fireproof. If they are plastered, then we must walk very carefully indeed. The plasterer and the architect, with exquisite ingenuity, have lately resurrected a whole host of smears and scratches and blobs to be executed in stucco or plastic paint; and dust and dirt and the fine fabrics of women's clothes being what they are, we must use them with great discrimination. A close-textured surface and a dull finish are the desiderata of a good wall: reflection without high lights. This we must achieve as best we may — wood panels, plaster and paint, or possibly washable wall paper.

The design of furniture would benefit greatly by establishing rigorous standards of labor and hygiene. Automatically a good part of "period" furniture, designed when servant labor was cheap, would disappear, and our manufacturers would have to rely upon fine materials and adaptation instead of upon tricks and fake stylicisms. Finishes that scratch or flake easily, metal that must be polished frequently, laminations or inlays that crack at the first dessication of steam-

heating — all these things must be excluded from modern decoration.

Because we cannot afford large houses, we must find a way of expanding our rooms by making every available room perform more than one function. Instead of two small rooms, each of which remains idle 50 percent of the day, let us have one large room that works both day and night; and in order to take advantage of this combination, let every fixture in the room be as flexible as possible.

For instance, if a bedroom contains a prominent wardrobe, or a dining-room contains a china closet, the character of the room is at once established, and there is no possibility of turning it to more than one function without obviously resorting to makeshift. Instead of permitting a dresser to bulk out in a dressing-room, the modern architect should arrange a set of drawers in a closet: not merely does this get it out of the way, but it makes the dresser more dust-proof. This principle is capable of being pushed much further. With the aid of sliding doors, a whole wall may be turned into a closet, neatly embracing a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, and a clothes-rack.

By sacrificing 30 inches in the depth of a room, all the utilities can be contained in a dust-proof closet. Our ingenuity has scarcely begun to work here. We have, of course, devised a bed that folds into a closet; but of all possible objects to stow away, a bed is the poorest candidate. For a well-constructed daybed is capable of performing 24-hour service; and to hide it all day is the height of uneconomic furnishing.

I have dealt with these things as if I were ignorant of the fact that a home must be lovable and attractive as well as neat and efficient. Is there to be no decoration? In the modern house, I believe, the eye comes for the first time into its own. The old-fashioned house smothered true decoration. Through the wide windows of the modern house, we should see the garden. Flowers should be brought indoors to gleam vividly against the bare walls; or if not flowers, then pictures which will no longer be mistreated as spots on the walls.

The chief forms of decoration in the modern house will be living things: flowers, pictures, people. Here is a style of interior decoration that perpetually renews itself. For the modern house is built not for show but for living; and the beauty it seeks to create is inseparable from the personalities that it harbors.

# *If Uncle Sam Turned Job-Hunter*

Condensed from Nation's Business (March, '30)

*Kenneth Coolbaugh*
Superintendent, State Employment Office, Philadelphia

WE have at present, in this country, both unemployment and a shortage of skilled man power in certain trades. If business could get the skilled labor it needs, unemployment could be greatly reduced.

"Very well, bring buyer and seller together through a system of employment exchanges. That's simple," says the layman.

Because that is being done with tolerable success on a small scale, thousands believe it can be done just as successfully on a national scale, through a clearing house at Washington. There are today 209 public employment offices in this country. Why not double, triple their number?

It is a near-truism in employment circles that applications for employment are worth little more than the paper they are written on. Within the past month my office has sent letters to 8 lead burners, 21 electricians, 43 electric and acetylene welders, 15 stenographers, 9 draftsmen, 12 plumbers and steamfitters, 18 chauffeurs and 62 others of miscellaneous vocations, asking them to call regarding specific jobs that have materialized since they filed their applications. Total 188.

How many responded in person or by letter? Thirty-three. Less than 20 percent. Of these 33 only 7 were finally placed in jobs we outlined to them. This experience is typical.

And what becomes of the others? After filing applications they have found positions, or moved away, or they are deterred by this or that personal reason. Most skilled workers, though they may be temporarily marooned because of some industrial movement which has thrown them out of a job, soon find their groove with little recourse to outside aid. It is unskilled laborers who are job hunters. And they are unable to profit greatly from employment agencies because their number usually far exceeds the jobs available.

Conceive then a national clearing house striving to transfer ten or 100 unemployed down-east mechanics to the automobile belt or an equal number of west-coast shipbuilders to the great lakes. The time factor of itself is a sufficient barrier to a fit performance of the task. The aver-

age office or unskilled manual opening today in our thickly settled communities stays open less than 24 hours.

Again there looms the perennial and formidable query that camps in every labor mart. Who will pay the transportation?

For example, the early summer of 1929 saw a surplus of unskilled labor on the eastern seaboard and a shortage in Detroit. Here would have been a practical problem for a national agency.

My own office, one of many public employment bureaus, could have sent hundreds. Yet it sent none. The railroad fare deterred the idle from digging down into their own pockets without assurance that definite jobs would be theirs in Detroit; and quite properly, no public funds were available to finance the expedition. We could only tell applicants that the jobs existed. The rest was up to the principals.

That is the very core of the whole proposition of moving labor through a central clearing house. Labor is only as mobile as the money that moves it. In this instance, Detroit employers did what employers so confronted have to do. They themselves advanced the transportation.

The only other method that will accomplish a liaison in labor on a wholesale basis is such as is practiced in Canada, which gives railway rate reductions up to 30 percent to workers traveling to definite jobs. In 1928, more than 43,000 artisans and unskilled workers took advantage of this reduction. In addition, more than 30,000 harvest workers were moved by the railways on their own initiative from the eastern to the prairie provinces.

Whether this method could be used in the United States is debatable, but at least it seems refreshingly free of the taint of class legislation because employers, workers, and the public all profit by it.

Until this problem of transportation cost is adequately plumbed, job brokers will continue to be merely brokers. The greater the distance that separates their principals the more tedious, costly and futile will be their efforts to bring men and jobs together.

Assuming the transportation riddle solved, to what extent would one state coöperate in transferring its workers to another? Only so far as its public officials felt they could coöperate and still hold the sanction of the community that pays them. In fact, many states have laws restricting the recruiting of labor by out-of-state interests.

The only appreciable service that a national clearing house could render at present is to release accurate and timely in-

formation, not essentially about specific jobs, but rather about employment and industrial conditions — and to release it on the dot.

Each year brings me a striking example, a reliable and up-to-the-day series of bulletins that in six months corrals 100,000 men from every state. They come from the director of the Farm Labor Division of the United States Employment Service at Kansas City and tell when and where wheat cutting starts, of its northward sweep as the season advances, of threshing, corn husking, potato and apple picking; of the prevailing wages, living accommodations and where and when men may apply. Public employment offices in Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Iowa, Kansas, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Washington, Oregon and Colorado, working through the hub at Kansas City, direct to jobs thousands who otherwise would go through endless wanderings. A man eager for work can see for himself just where his services will be needed. But it's up to him to get there.

On a similar stage such offices can perform, and do, a similar service in bringing about a contact between workers angling for a permanent niche and employers who need them. A worker, for instance, in nearly every craft can enter a public employment exchange in Pennsylvania, and if he wishes to follow his trade in any one of the commonwealth's largest industrial communities, can gauge his chances of getting what he wants. At stated periods each of the state's 14 district offices forwards to the capital at Harrisburg a summary of the employment supply and demand in substantially all of the trades and vocations pursued in its community. Each report is then multigraphed and a complete copy of all of them mailed to every office. Employers use this information to a far greater degree than do job seekers.

Employment information to the employer who needs workers, giving him and the job seekers a place to get together and talk things over, is, it seems to me, the cardinal province of a public employment service. The actual placing of men in jobs must remain largely the work of private enterprise. The one outstanding service public employment offices can give is to show the employer who needs labor where he can get it and the unemployed where jobs await them.

At best that is about all the real constructive work a labor clearing house could do on a national stage — pass along data that, in moving through the mail and across many desks, would frequently become too stale for other than academic consumption.

# *On the Bowery*

Condensed from The New Republic (March 19, '30)

*Bruce Bliven*
An editor of "The New Republic"

IT seems too cold to rain; but it isn't. A bad night to be out, even if you are well shod and warmly clothed; and most of the men lounging along the Bowery, with the L trains rumbling overhead, are neither. Their shoes are broken, and perhaps only two in five of them have an overcoat of some sort, an overcoat too large or too small, or with the buttons missing so that it has to be held together with one hand, as the great ladies hold their fur wraps.

You turn a corner, and here is a surprising spectacle. There is a line of men, three or sometimes four abreast wedged tightly together. For this compactness there is a reason: those at the head of this human snake will eat tonight; those farther back probably won't.

A block away, the line tails off around a corner; follow it, and there is another block's length, and beyond that, another. At the very end is a pitiful spectacle. The charity on which the line depends is not unlimited, and so, when about as many men have lined up as can be handled, two policemen stand behind them, facing the other way. Necessarily, they are obdurate, but the late comers can never quite believe this, and so they line up anyhow, ten or twelve feet from the officers. There are several hundred men in this extra line, none of whom, it is certain, will get anything to eat.

What do they get, if they get it? They get food tickets worth a nickel each, and cashable only at the Y. M. C. A. cafeteria nearby. A lucky individual may get four or five of them. An unlucky one may get only two or three. This distribution is the work of private charity. For several winters a certain young woman has been handing out these tickets Mondays and Thursdays; they are costing her $1200 or $1400 a week of her own and other people's money, and God knows what the Bowery would do without her.

Many of those who get her tickets will have to wait in a second line from one to three hours before they can get into the Y. M. C. A.'s big cafeteria to eat. Here good food is served at minimum prices — most dishes are five cents, and the rest ten. Coffee and stew is the favorite combination; with every cup of coffee go three big slices of bread.

No one loiters at table; through the basement windows you can see the feet of a hundred other hungry men waiting their turn.

This is but one line of several on the Bowery. Let us look at another of these lines, one of the most important. It is the line waiting to get into the Municipal Lodging House, conducted by the New York City Department of Public Welfare. In February, 1100 men sought its shelter every night, on the average. This is an increase of 45 percent over a year ago, and of 53 percent over 1928. No individual may spend more than five nights in the Lodging House in any one month; the actual number of men cared for during the first two months of 1930 was 13,913.

Every man who secures admission receives a cup of coffee (in a tin cup, boiling hot), a big dish of stew (beef tonight and lamb tomorrow) and as much graham bread as he can eat. Anyone capable of consuming a second helping of stew is welcome to it. After supper, they are registered and check their valuables (if by a miracle somebody turned up with three dollars he would be refused admission). Every man hands in all his clothing, to be fumigated during the night and returned to him in the morning. Every man gets a shower bath — compulsory; a clean white nightshirt, and a medical examination. If he needs a doctor's care, he is sent over to Bellevue Hospital; otherwise, he gets a bed in a room with several hundred other men, where he sleeps about 11 hours: and so would you, if you had tramped the streets from dawn to dark and had just had a big hot meal, perhaps your first in several days. In the morning they are given a hot breakfast, and sent on their way. Their only payment is the humiliation of accepting charity.

For many of them, of course, that is no payment at all. They don't mind being "pauperized." But there are others who pay dearly. This winter differs from previous ones in the exceptionally high number of men who have never before had this sort of experience, for whom it is a personal tragedy too deep for words. As Mr. Joseph Mannix, the brisk, enthusiastic and friendly young guardian of all these lost souls will tell you, there are professional men in the line nowadays— teachers, musicians (many of these), doctors, pharmacists, lawyers, expert accountants.

We can get a picture of these men from the unconflicting views of Mr. Mannix, of Mr. Leon Rockwell of the Y. M. C. A., and of the silver-haired Colonel Wallace Winchell of the Salvation Army:

"Don't scatter your sympathy too indiscriminately. Many of

these men have a little money but are saving it. Many others are unemployable — just bums; some of these panhandle for a few nickels and spend them on 'smoke' — vile raw alcohol. Others are psychopaths, but not violent enough to be locked up.

"Many others, however, are good workmen who are genuinely unemployed and in great distress. Plenty of them are white-collar men, bookkeepers, clerks, and the like. All they need is a chance to get on their feet, and then they are all right."

The three relief agencies I have mentioned, and some others, try to get jobs for those whom they aid. This is sometimes possible, but the jobs are usually of a temporary kind. A bad snowstorm is a godsend to these men, who get a chance to work clearing the streets.

The service of the Municipal Lodging House, as I have said, is free. Other organizations usually charge for their services a sum which may or may not cover its cost. The Y. M. C. A., for example, charges for its room and meals, but no hungry man is turned away for lack of money. An account is opened for him, and he pays when he can. Something like 65 or 70 percent of the sums thus advanced are ultimately repaid.

Before we say good night, Mr. Mannix has something else to show us. We go down to a wharf on the East River. Here we find a boat which runs errands for the city of New York in the daytime. She is loaned to Mr. Mannix at night, and he makes good use of her. For here in an enclosed deck space, lying on tarpaulins spread on the hard boards, he puts his overflow customers, to the number of several hundred nightly. They sleep in their clothes, of course; their toilet facilities are of the crudest; but it is better than walking the streets. All of them, Mr. Mannix explains with a pride which his ingenuity well justifies, are "second-night men." They slept last night in the lodging house, and therefore have had a bath and a medical inspection no more than 24 hours ago.

A hundred yards away, in the greasy black waters, lies a big and handsome yacht. It is too dark to read her name. It is not too dark, however, to look through the glowing disks of her portholes at the busy, happy and presumably prosperous visitors on board.

"That's an ironic contrast," you suggest to Mr. Mannix. "What do your guests think, looking at that yacht so near, while they sleep on the deck?"

"I never heard one mention it," says Mr. Mannix, and we button up our coats and face the rain.

# *The Soviets and the Future*

Condensed from The Nation (December 11, '29)

*Oswald Garrison Villard*

Editor of "The Nation," who accompanied the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce on a recent tour of Russia

"THE hope of Russia's future lies in its young girls," declared in Moscow one of the wisest writers on Russia, himself Russian-born and anti-Communist. There can be no question that the Soviets are seeking to build up a superb race. The bulk of the children we saw looked healthy and strong. When the weather permits, their little bodies are freely exposed to the sun. Everything possible is being done for the oncoming generation — besides pumping them full of communist doctrine and teaching them to hate the capitalism they are not allowed to study.

In the beautiful health resorts of the Caucasus we saw so many really beautifully developed young men and women that we began to wonder if the Soviets were not deliberately seeking to restore the body and its care to the position it held among the ancient Greeks. Certainly there were many taking sun-baths and wandering over the hills in scant attire who moved with the grace and ease of trained dancers and runners. Maurice Hindus, who begged me to visit him and observe this fact in the Ukraine, says, "I have traveled in many countries, but I have seen no young people like these. They are free, they have liberty, but they know how to honor it."

The schooling of these children and young people is probably even more rigid and self-disciplined than the youth training of the Italian Fascists. They are being taught to look forward to a life of great privation, with very few worldly possessions. If these young people definitely and with understanding accept this plan, it will be one of the most amazing examples of what patriotic fervor can do which the world has yet witnessed. These young people will have a frightful disillusionment if the Soviet experiment collapses.

As for education, we have Shaw's recent word for it that Russia is the only country which is properly educating its children — a dangerous generalization which may be true in spots. It is probably correct that the intention to give the most modern instruction is there. But there can be no ideal education where there is such a deliberate attempt to close the minds of the children to



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other things of life than those ordained by the Soviets. Free modern education implies the right to browse unhampered in every field, to examine all theories. Of this kind of freedom one finds curiously little understanding in Russia. When we of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce delegation reached Kharkov, we were heartily greeted by the members of the Ukrainian Literary Society. "We welcome you of the American press to a country which has the freest press in the world" — this was the opening remark of the head of the society. We accepted the challenge. It speedily appeared that his idea of liberty of the press included only editors who favored the communist doctrine.

When I asked our Ukrainian friend if I would be permitted to establish a Ukrainian *Nation* in Kharkov and denounce the communist system there, he replied: "Oh no, we could not allow a handful of dissenters who are not five percent of our population to disturb the progress of the country." "Then," said a young American auditor, "you would say that capitalist America would be justified in suppressing entirely the existing communist press in America since the American communists do not number anything like five percent of the population?" The answer ran to the effect that if any more such embarrassing questions were asked it would be necessary to terminate the conference!

It is easy to scoff at the whole communist program with a facile "You can't change human nature" — to say that an acquisitive system of life is necessary to stimulate the human individual into advancing himself and his fellows, and that only a fanatical fervor which is sure to burn itself out before long is inducing men to live bare and colorless lives on the very edge of destitution. But the fact is that you *can* change human nature, or the habits with which human nature is usually confused. You *can* teach people to live for others and make tremendous sacrifices for the commonweal. No one can foretell into what form the Soviets may train their youth, especially the young girls on whom so much hope is based. They have had these children from babyhood up to mould and direct as they see fit. History tells us that great waves of asceticism and self-denial swept over Europe centuries ago. Here is another one in Russia. There is nothing improbable in the belief that the Russian people as a whole will definitely accept the Soviet scheme.

No one must underestimate the driving force of a great ideal and of the teaching of unity to the Russian masses. It is a profoundly serious thing to infect

a whole people with the belief that they are the prophets of redemption, to give them an ideal to cherish and, if need be, die for. Such an ideal gives life and point to the present otherwise dreary and pinched existence of the masses. They know whither they are headed, however hard the road.

In this connection I must record a statement made to me by a man introduced to me as "the ablest man in Russia."

I am constantly traveling to Berlin, London, Brussels, and Paris. I meet in those cities Russians who have just left their country. You must understand that the men are government officials or engineers, or business men allowed to go abroad because their missions are official or unofficial. They are always wild with enthusiasm at escaping for a time from what they call their Russian prison — to get back to the gay old life of capitalism. But before many weeks it begins to pall on them. "Look at the faces of the people around us in this restaurant," they say. "They are all like that, so sordid and materialistic. We shall be glad to get back to Russia." "To get back to your prison?" "Yes; well, you see it is bad enough there, but after all they have got a plan, a program, an ideal, even if you don't like it. At least in Russia we are working for something. Here they are just out to make money and have a good time; here materialism rules."

There you have some of the strength of the Soviet movement.

It is, I repeat, possible that the Russian people will definitely accept the Soviet scheme of things. But at the same time the Russian leaders have made a grave mistake in identifying their new form of government with a bloody despotism. So long as the Soviet rulers feel that they must maintain their power through violence and terrorism they cannot, I believe, have the sympathy of liberals.

It is no answer to say that these Soviet leaders know their problem, and that the end of human happiness justifies the means. I can see no compromise on this question, no argument that shatters the intensity of my belief that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword.

The deeper, therefore, the regret that the men who are doing these titanic things are savagely crushing their critics and opponents, are shooting, imprisoning, and exiling precisely as did the Czar. The whole world yearns for a state which shall really be controlled by the masses and not by handfuls of men temporarily in control of powers no group of mortals should have. Yet the Bolsheviks, with all their desire for peace, justice, liberty, and equality for a nation of workers, offer, side by side with tremendous benefits, the methods of a Caesar, a Cromwell, a Franz Joseph, a Nicholas, and a Mussolini.

# *Can the World Banish Malaria?*

Condensed from the Scientific American (April, '30)

*Theo. Krysto, M.D.*

Former Governor General of Western Siberia, and Senior Specialist in the Russian Department of Agriculture

I WISH to show the people a way to free themselves of malaria and of human blood sucking mosquitoes. My discovery was made 33 years ago, has been verified by hundreds of cases in Europe, Asia, and both Americas, and is confirmed by recent discoveries and observations of several authorities. I know what malarial fever is, for I was sick with it during 19 years.

In fairy tales the treasures are often guarded by colossal genii or dragons, but the treasures of the tropics are guarded by tiny fairies — mosquitoes. They sting, annoy, irritate; they poison with the germs of malarial fever, yellow fever, filariosis, elephantiasis, and what not.

The fight between men and mosquitoes is very old. Some authorities believe, for instance, that malarial fever greatly contributed to the downfall of the Roman Empire. Of late the Americans have developed very successful methods in freeing the Panama Canal, and cities of Ecuador and Brazil, from mosquitoes.

Unfortunately these measures cannot be applied to rural conditions. In cities every receptacle containing water can be inspected and protected from mosquitoes by nets, oil, or fishes that eat mosquito larvae. In the country, during the rainy season, every small cavity in the ground — imprints of the hoofs of animals, for example — contains water and serves as a breeding place for mosquitoes. They even breed in the high crowns of cocoanut palms, in the hollows of bamboo stumps, and so on.

Thus it has been so far impossible to free rural localities from man infesting mosquitoes, and therefore from malaria. With the methods which I have the boldness to offer it should be possible.

Thirty-five years ago I lived in a village in the District of Batum, Caucasus, Russia. I noticed that out of the 60 inhabitants of the village everyone was sick with malarial fever, except four — Sahli Effendi, his wife, and their two children. An analysis of the conditions showed me that Sahli Effendi differed from the other inhabitants only in this: he raised beans and alfalfa, which were grown around his house.

Another instance. One summer I moved to a village which consists of two parts. One part is on

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the slope of a mountain and is free from malaria. The other part is situated in a valley and has a good deal of fever. One of the inhabitants of the lower village sowed about six acres to alfalfa. As soon as the alfalfa grew up and began to bloom, malarial fever disappeared as if by magic!

These two cases were a point of departure in building my plan of attack. It is known that mosquitoes feed on the juice of plants; the males feed exclusively thus, and the females feed partly on the juice of plants and partly on the blood of animals and men. I found that when *Anopheles*, the malarial fever mosquito, feeds on leguminous plants, their juice neutralizes the noxiousness of the mosquito. It can no longer spread malarial fever.

A detailed description of my studies in this respect is here impossible. But I had occasion to travel widely in both Americas, Europe, and Asia, and everywhere I found striking evidence that leguminous plants — alfalfa, clover, beans — prevent malaria. These plants have in common a substance called coumarine, and this substance seems to play a rôle in the insects comparable to that which quinine plays in man.

The prominent Yale scientist d'Herelle says in his book, "Immunity in Natural Infectious Disease," "The greater portion of the Argentine Republic is completely free of malaria, in spite of the fact that the *anopheline* carriers abound in these regions . . ." Further, Dr. d'Herelle states, "We have seen that in all the free regions there is a wild plant called by the natives '*trebol de olor*' (scented clover). Flowering takes place during the critical period of malaria, that is, from the beginning of summer to the end of autumn. The highly scented blossoms are continually frequented by insects of many kinds, and particularly by *Anophelines*, which feed upon the juice which, like all plants of the genus, contains a glucoside, coumarine. This plant is not present in malarial districts."

On another page Dr. d'Herelle comments on the disappearance of malaria from certain islands of Zealand and from northern provinces of Holland. This disappearance coincided with the accidental introduction of leguminous plants.

Again, I find in a pamphlet of Sir William Willcocks, engineer of Cairo, Egypt: "Cultivated Egypt is mainly immune to malaria, and cultivated Egypt means Egypt with all its wealth of clovers, leguminous plants, wild melilotus, and trigonella. But where tracts have been planted with fruits or other crops instead of clover, there malaria devastates the population as it does in Palestine and Greece, where there are few leguminous crops and in those

parts of India where *gram*, a kind of chick-pea, is not cultivated."

You see that all three of us came independently to the same conclusion. In all these cases the measures against malaria were applied *unconsciously*. We can now do it *consciously*, introducing leguminous plants with the intention of disinfecting the malarial mosquito.

This is the first part of my plan. The second part consists of replacing mosquitoes which suck the blood of human beings by mosquitoes which suck the blood only of animals.

In the *Comtes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, Paris, France, there are some very interesting articles by the French naturalist, J. Legendre. As he states, there are some mosquitoes that do not sting men. There are also some mosquitoes whose larvae eat the larvae of another mosquito, and in this way exterminate them from a given locality. M. Legendre has discovered in Brittany a mosquito — he calls it *Breton culex* — which crowds out another breed of *Culex* mosquitoes, and at the same time does not sting men but only animals.

M. Legendre transported eggs of *Breton culex* to a place where swarms of another mosquito annoyed the people. A year later he found only *Breton culex* in that locality, which did not sting human beings. M. Legendre continued his observations five years later and found that *Breton culex* had held its own, and continued to be "man-hating."

Again, a proprietor of a farm asked M. Legendre to free him from annoying mosquitoes. M. Legendre introduced his *Breton culex*, and in one month they crowded out the aboriginal mosquitoes.

Here then is our plan. The first part of it — the use of leguminous plants — is a novelty, but the second part is simply an adaptation of the well-known procedure of using one insect to fight another.

So let us take leguminous plants and friendly mosquitoes and start our work of liberation. We may start our work on the island of Cuba. I choose it for many reasons, the main one having to do with the acclimatization of the mosquitoes themselves. Cuba could be followed by Paraguay, Brazil, and Central America.

Malaria is a dreadful, world-wide disease, costing us countless lives and billions of dollars. I hope that among Americans will be found someone who can lend a helping hand to this enterprise.

NOTE: The "Scientific American" quotes Professor David Starr Jordan, former head of Stanford University, as follows: "Dr. Krysto's suggestions may prove of tremendous worth to the world."

# *Savages Are Pleasant People*

Condensed from the Redbook Magazine (March, '30)

*Vilhjalmur Stefansson*

Arctic explorer; discoverer of Eskimos who had never seen a white man and whose ancestors never had; author of "Life with the Eskimo," "Friendly Arctic," etc.

BERNARD SHAW, in his *Back to Methuselah*, pictures the ideal man of 31,920 A.D. as having shed practically everything which we now call civilization and as having advanced to a way of living and a point of view which we now find only among savages. Many travelers would agree with his ideal.

To begin with, savages are not *savage*, no matter how primitive they may be. In the Dolphin and Union Straits I found Eskimos who had never seen a sulphur match, or even a set of flint and steel. They had never heard a gun fired. They knew nothing about the smelting of any kind of metal. They were dressed in skins. They had nothing to eat but meat and they frequently ate it raw. They were so poor in their most valued possession, the dog, that the richest family had only three. They were unable to count above six, and few of them thought it reasonable for anybody to want to count above three. But they were not savage.

To me it was a savage custom to eat meat raw. I did reflect occasionally that we swallow oysters raw and that a rare steak is only another name for raw meat with cooked meat on the outside. But it was three months before I tried frozen raw fish. When I tasted it I liked it from the start.

Then I had another dietetic hurdle — eating what you would call, if you were not a convert, rotten fish. I experimented, rather cautiously, with the gamey fish of the Eskimos, and found that going from fresh to rotten fish is no worse than going from a mild cheese to Limburger. In fact, I became as fond of high fish in a few weeks as I am of high cheeses after many years.

Some of the delightful qualities of savages are traceable to their beliefs. For instance, Eskimos do not punish their children. Eskimos believe that children are born with souls as foolish and feeble as the infant looks and is. It seems obvious to them that babies could not get along very well if there were not some way to secure for their use a stronger and abler soul. Moreover, the souls of the dead have nowhere to go and are waiting around graves. The mother's first duty



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after a child is born is, therefore, to face in the direction of a grave, pronounce a magic spell, and call the soul of the newly dead to become a protecting soul, a guardian angel for the child.

The child's body is now inhabited by two souls, one ignorant, the other very wise. This wise soul does all the thinking. If a child cries for the scissors, it is the wise and experienced soul that wants them. The child must be given the scissors, then, because it is absurd to think that the guardian spirit does not know what is good for the child. Moreover, the guardian soul is easily offended and will leave the child if crossed, whereupon the helpless babe would become the victim of all sorts of troubles, such as being unable to learn to walk and talk.

The child, then, is the master of any family. I have never heard of a case where sharp implements were forbidden a child. I have asked several mothers and have always received a variant of the same reply. "It is better," say they, "to take a chance that the child may stick its eyes out than to face the certainty of offending the guardian spirit, thus leaving the child exposed to accidents, deformity, and perhaps death."

If a man has big ears, is lazy or a poor hunter, the commonest explanation is: "His parents used to forbid him things when he was young, and his guardian soul left him."

Most travelers agree that Eskimo children are terrible nuisances between the ages of one and four years. At six or eight they are likely to be a great deal better behaved than ours.

It is a thing to give us pause that we have no evidence of whips being used by Eskimos upon their dogs until they learned it from white men. The old Eskimos still say, "A dog will pull better if the man he loves walks ahead than if the man he fears cracks a whip behind."

After I had lived among the North Alaskan Eskimos for three years and had learned their language, I was able to make a month's journey to a tribe which had never known a white man. This tribe had a reputation for killing all strangers, and when I with my three Eskimo followers approached their village — of some 40 snow houses — there seemed, indeed, some doubt as to whether we should be allowed to leave it alive. The men greeted us with the long, double-edged knives which they used in close-up fights with polar bears. Once we had succeeded in speaking to them in their own language, however, suspicion was soon allayed, and they received us with the greatest hospitality. They built us a large snow house in

which to sleep, and took us into their own homes for food.

The wife of my host at the first meal was as motherly and kindly as all her countrywomen. Her first question was to ask if she could not dry my boots over the blubber lamp. Boiled seal meat had already been taken out of the pot, and my hostess picked out for me the lower joint of a seal's fore-leg, squeezed it firmly between her hands to make sure nothing should later drip from it, and handed it to me, along with her own copper-bladed knife; the next most desirable piece was similarly squeezed and handed to her husband, and others in turn to the rest of the family. When this had been done, one extra piece was set aside in case I should want a second helping, and the rest of the boiled meat was divided into four portions, with the explanation to me that there were four families in the village who had no fresh seal meat. During our meal presents of food were also brought us from other houses — a little girl would bring a boiled kidney, saying it was for me; or a piece of boiled seal-flipper, with the message that if I would take breakfast at their house tomorrow I should have a whole flipper.

The knife which I used was my first experience with native copper. The piece of copper (float) from which the blade had been hammered out had been found, they told me, on Victoria Island, in the territory of another tribe, from whom they had bought it for some good driftwood.

Our meal was of two courses: meat and soup. The soup is made by pouring cold seal blood into the boiling broth immediately after the cooked meat has been taken out of the pot, and stirring briskly until the whole comes nearly (but never quite) to a boil. This makes a soup of a thickness comparable to our ordinary pea soup.

After I had eaten my fill and drunk two pint cupfuls of the soup I talked with my host comfortably until a child came to say that the people hoped I would come to the house they had built for us, for it was a big house and many could sit in there at once and talk with us.

Altogether, this visit to a People of the Stone Age is one of my most treasured memories. Here were people separated from us, not by distance alone, but by 10,000 years of time. And perhaps we learn from them that our own progress has not been so great after all. We have a more complicated diet, but we do not enjoy it more, nor are we healthier on it. We have a more complicated government, but we do not obey our laws better. We have more things, but we are not more content.

# *India Demands Freedom*

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (February, '30)

*Charles F. Andrews*

English missionary in India for 25 years, and friend of Mahatma Gandhi

DURING the World War, India provided a million and a half men for military service. Mahatma Gandhi in his eagerness to do service, notwithstanding his well-known pacific ideals, went so far as to enter on a recruiting campaign for the Allied cause. His wholehearted support, at that time, was offered to the King Emperor. This significant part played by India in the War has often been overlooked by the West. But it has been continually referred to in India itself.

The Indian soldiers, returning from the front, brought back news to remote villages concerning what they had seen. Pledges of self-determination had been given by President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George on behalf of the victors; and the people of India awaited eagerly their fulfilment.

Then, on April 13, 1919, came the tragedy of Amritsar. A riot had occurred in this city in which six Englishmen were brutally murdered and an Englishwoman was seriously assaulted. General Dyer was called to quell the disturbance. Hundreds of Indians who were holding a meeting in disregard of military orders were shot down without warning. They were in an enclosed space from which there was no escape. General Dyer confessed that he had done this to create a moral effect. He also invented the "crawling order," which required Indians to pass the scene of the riot on their hands and knees.

Great Britain partly recognized the wrong that had been done. The aged Duke of Connaught came to India on behalf of the King, and spoke of the "dark shadow of Amritsar." He asked that it might be forgotten. But such memories are indelible in the life of a rising nation. The blow was all the heavier because the people of India believed the time had come for them to have their own *Swaraj* (self-rule) in fulfilment of the King's proclamation of August, 1917.

The Reform Councils of 1919 were intended to fulfil the King's promise. But they proved, from the very first, overloaded with reservations. Possibly, if the political atmosphere had been more propitious, these safeguards would have fallen into abeyance. But, under the "dark shadow of Amritsar" India was in no

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mood for compromise and conciliation.

Late in 1920 one of the most powerful movements of modern times, springing from the heart of the Indian people, was inaugurated by Mahatma Gandhi. This was called by the negative and clumsy English name, Non-Violent Non-Coöperation. It was, in effect, a peaceful general strike of the whole people. So long as it remained strictly non-violent, it was practically irresistible, owing to its profound moral character. Along with a passive resistance of the administration there was carried out an active purification of many agelong abuses. Above all, Gandhi led a campaign to raise the status of the outcaste.

The end sought by the non-coöperation movement was perfectly simple. A Round-Table Conference was to be summoned where British and Indian arbitrators were to work out by mutual agreement a Dominion Constitution for India. This demand was not granted, and the non-coöperation movement began to lose its non-violent character. Thereupon Gandhi withdrew from it. In the hour of depression that followed, the Government of India struck hard. Gandhi was imprisoned in April, 1922, with a six-year sentence, for "creating disaffection." His imprisonment deprived the movement of its main driving spiritual power. But bitterness against British rule went on accumulating and the national determination hardened.

On the advent to power of the Labor Government in Great Britain under Premier MacDonald, early in 1924, Gandhi, who had become seriously ill in prison, was released, and immediately reassumed his spiritual leadership. His influence today is greater than ever before.

In the years that followed Gandhi's release the non-coöperators under Pundit Motilal Nehru attempted to wrest a victory from the Government of India by obstruction within the Reform Councils. Forming an intransigent opposition, they obstructed administrative measures and caused the Government continual embarrassment. At length Lord Birkenhead, Secretary for India, appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the revision of the Indian Constitution. Sir John Simon was appointed its chairman.

And here a fatal blunder was made. Lord Birkenhead decided that none but British members should serve on the Commission. Thus the Commission became racial at the very moment when race feeling was running highest. The Commission, therefore, when it came to India, was boycotted by all Indian non-coöperators and Liberals.

In December, 1928, the impa-

tience of the Nationalists in India reached a climax. The younger generation demanded an immediate declaration of independence, with separation from the British Empire. But Gandhi managed to carry what was called a compromise resolution. He agreed to be the first to declare independence if dominion status was not granted before January 1, 1930.

This challenge was not taken seriously in Great Britain so long as the Conservative Government was in power. But when MacDonald took the helm, a new course was steered in Indian affairs. A declaration was made by the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, that dominion status was the goal of British rule in India, and a conference for discussing plans was promised in London.

At first the Viceroy's invitation to a conference was favorably considered. But new outbreaks and arrests brought excitement to a head again, and the noncoöperators refused to attend the conference unless it was promised that the conference would discuss and settle the Dominion Constitution and not postpone the decision to an indefinite future. Here negotiations broke down. In the British Parliament there was a majority not at all prepared to go forward with any immediate decision of *Swaraj*.

After the breakdown of negotiations the sequence of events was inevitable. When the All-India Congress met just before the new year, Gandhi himself proposed the resolution for independence and rejected dominion status.

Only when a full account of the Congress proceedings reaches America will the inner history of this crisis in India be fully revealed. We shall know then how far the Mohammedans and Hindus, whose discordancy is one of India's greatest problems, have united behind this resolution. On that one issue much will depend. Some may be inclined to judge the resolution lightly, but such persons do not know Mahatma Gandhi, who never says one word beyond that which he is ready to put into practice.

With regard to the form of passive resistance that will now be offered, we have the clearest picture in what happened recently in Bardoli. There the people unitedly refused to pay the land tax to the government when it had been enhanced beyond what they felt to be just. In the end the government was obliged to yield. If such civil disobedience can be carried out on a large scale without violence it is difficult to see how the administration itself can be carried on. All depends on the extent to which the people are in earnest and ready to suffer for their cause.

# *Are Our Business Leaders Morons?*

Excerpt from Forbes, April 1, '30

*B. C. Forbes*
Editor of Forbes Magazine

ARE our business leaders concerned only with money-making?

Are they incapable of meeting evils begotten by their own activities?

Have those playing a foremost part in revolutionizing modern industry no qualms about making such a confession as this:

"Business is business. The objective of industry is to make money. We concentrate solely on that aim. If we are satisfied that a billion-dollar merger will mean greater profits, we go ahead and engineer it.

"One of the easiest ways to cut down expenses being to cut down salary and wage rolls, we of course lay men off right and left. If elderly workers have become less nimble because of their long years of service, they are the logical ones to be dropped first. Naturally, the greater resources at the command of the enlarged combinations are unstintedly used to acquire the very latest labor-saving machinery, enabling us to dismiss still more wage earners.

"In our eyes the most valuable executive is the one who can produce the most with the least amount of labor — the smallest number of workers and the smallest payroll. Our up-to-the-minute methods make it feasible for us to dispense with enormous numbers of workers — it is not uncommon for us to install one machine which enables half-a-dozen men to do what formerly took half-a-hundred or even a hundred men.

"Yes, we know that through our creation of gigantic enterprises — manufacturing, distributing, retailing and every other kind — and through our vast expenditures on research, on invention, on machinery, we have caused grave dislocation of employment; but instead of being criticised for all this technological unemployment, we should be commended, since it is conclusive proof of our mastery of the science of management. What happens to all the hordes of workers we release is not our concern. Our responsibility begins and ends with running our business with surpassing efficiency, which means with a minimum of human labor. The unemployment thus created does not enter in any way into our calculations.

"We are much too engrossed in increasing profits to give a


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thought to what happens because of our reducing the number of workers. How to take care of unemployment is a problem for others to solve. Let George do that. Politicians talk as if they know how to solve the problem. Very well, let them go ahead and do it. Anyway, we haven't the time to bother with it. It isn't our worry."

American industry may disclaim that it *talks* that way, but it cannot disclaim that, collectively, it has *acted* that way.

*Industry hasn't one organization, representing its best brains, devoting itself seriously, systematically, scientifically, to handling the whole subject of employment and unemployment.*

There is no coördinated machinery for coöperating with the workless to find work. Industry feels perfectly free to dismiss breadwinners by the hundred and by the thousand without giving a thought as to how these breadwinners may succeed or fail in earning bread for themselves and their families.

This far-reaching evil cannot be airily dismissed with the superficial remark, "Panics always cause unemployment. There will soon be work for all."

The disturbing truth is that our economic revolution had released an abnormal number of workers even during our period of greatest prosperity. It is a commentary upon how this whole problem has been neglected that neither government nor industry has taken the pains even to keep track of the extent of unemployment from month to month, from season to season. It has been nobody's business to lie awake cogitating what happens to breadwinners denied opportunity to earn their bread.

Let industry take heed of this warning, written on the wall in starkly clear handwriting:

*If industry itself confesses its indifference or its inability to wrestle with the problem of unemployment, including the older workers, depend upon it that the politicians will step in.*

*Forbes* implores the best brains in industry and finance and business to get together before public opinion induces the politicians to institute drastic measures. We still have more faith in America's business statesmanship than in America's political statesmanship.

# *Will Europe Be Americanized?*

Condensed from The Yale Review (Spring, '30)

*André Siegfried*
French economist; author of "America Comes of Age"

THE world's evolution during the last twenty years has been marked by two opposite movements of primary importance. The United States has developed a new method of production, the consequence of which is that an overwhelmingly powerful America now confronts Europe; and, by a spontaneous reaction, Europe is acquiring a new or renewed consciousness of its personality. As a result this problem has arisen: should the old continent, in order to compete, Americanize its methods of production, or, in order to retain its traditional characteristics, should it resist Americanization? For the world at large there is at present no problem of greater moment.

A few decades ago America's task was to conquer a continent adventurously; now her problem is to produce methodically. The spirit of adventure still lives in the minds of the great leaders of the present, and yet the country at large becomes more and more committed to a method and a system.

This system, I think, can be divided into four main operations. First, there is the general and intensive use of the machine in order to keep down the number of workers. If American employers were not constantly bent on the task of replacing hands by mechanical devices, they would be quickly ruined. The second operation is the scientific use of labor, which, rightly or wrongly, we often call "taylorization." If you pay a workman five, six, or ten dollars a day, it is your business to see that he produces five, six, or ten dollars, or more. Employers in other countries with low wages lack such an incentive to promote scientific organization. These two characteristics of the American system lead directly to its third principle, which is standardization. And, to conclude, the whole system — which is, I think, best named scientific management — only works at its maximum if production is concentrated in big units of financial control, allowing broad conceptions of management and elaborate technical specialization.

America has been immensely aided in achieving this system by certain definite factors. She has had an enormous abundance of natural resources and a traditional scarcity of labor. Hence she


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could waste the products of nature but was bound to conserve the efforts of men. She has the immense advantage of a huge internal market of 120 million people within her tariff wall. Thus, though she is the most protectionist country in the world, she practically enjoys every benefit of free trade, and has been able to undertake mass production without any risk of a scarcity of buyers.

All this is in striking contrast with conditions in Europe where one can hardly travel 300 miles without striking new languages, new races, new civilizations, new states, and, of course, new customs barriers. Instead of conformity, individuality is found emphasized in Europe. Add to this the density of population in Europe — if Russia is excluded, there are 70 persons per square mile in Europe *versus* 13 for the United States — and the necessity of conserving natural resources rather than human labor becomes evident. It is not difficult to understand, then, why Europe has been slow to develop mass production.

Again, few Americans understand fully the part which inherited customs and traditions play with the European. We see about us actual Roman roads and churches built on foundations laid by the Romans or even the Greeks. We cannot but realize the magnificent wealth our civilization derives from the ancient accumulation of human experience. The greatness and weakness of Europe lies exactly there, and there lies also for her the most tragic question of our time: will not the promotion of material progress in production involve a risk threatening the very basis of our traditional civilization?

But another question arises: should Europe enter into the competition on America's own ground, the machine and mass production? Should she not, rather, make the most of the individual creative ability of her workers? French industries have scored successes against their competitors chiefly in cases where the value of the raw material in a finished article remains small, and when the individual creative effort of the workers plays an important rôle. In cases of articles that have to be made on a special order Europe finds herself well prepared for the work, and here America does not even try to compete with her. If there remains a demand for quality of this kind, then the destiny of Europe is not without a future.

This is, for Europe, a momentous problem. If she chooses quantity, with a policy of intense mechanization and of highly organized international *cartels* operating across national boundaries, no doubt she may hold her own.

But it will mean a fundamental change in the attitude of her workers to their work. The relations of the man to the tool and of the tool to the man may be regarded as one of the most fascinating and indeed anguished problems of our time. The new conception of production which is making America great is surreptitiously transforming the man himself, and there lies its main gravity. But we have in France, as in many other European countries, a class of artisans who feel in their work the dignity of creators. Artisans and artists belong, after all, to the same family. If mass production comes to Europe, her class of creative artisans must go. Already in America that class is largely a thing of the past.

There is something pathetic in this opposition of the old and the new worlds because, although the discussion is chiefly about wages and cost of production, its real meaning goes much deeper. What is at stake, after all, is nothing less than the whole concept of man, of society, and of life. If Europe Americanizes herself, and especially if she tries to achieve only a superficial Americanization in which the social side is neglected, she risks decay by being untrue to her past and tradition. There, I think, lies the true source of resistance to Americanization.

I do not want, of course, to suggest that America is materialistic, in contrast with an idealistic Europe; it would not be true. But I feel entitled to say that in its conception of a new order, America has, above all, emphasized the prestige of production. Rightly or wrongly, we Europeans fear that the individual, considered not as a producer or a consumer but as a human being, may in the long run be the loser.

I should not dare to take sides on such an issue — but what, finally, do we wish mankind to stand for: the individual as a thinking unit, or as a unit of production? If, today or tomorrow, the human race prefers to be well-equipped, comfortable, with a high standard of living, the answer is clear, it will follow Ford or Hoover. We make no mistake about it; we know perfectly well that, for the present, it is on the American plan that the world is revising its estimates. Yet, if humanity is ever again preoccupied with the question of the individual, his thoughts and his right to think for himself, irrespective of economic production, then it will not be talks about refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and efficiency which will move the world. Old passions, now unknown in new and prosperous countries, may win again the hearts of men.

# *Where's Your Hat?*

Condensed from The North American Review (February, '30)

*Donald Rose*

Columnist; editorial writer; literary reviewer; after-dinner speaker

WHEN we decided, some time ago, to wear no hat, it was for reasons which seem to us sufficient and convincing. In the first place there is the crowning glory of our hair, which is of the thickness and texture of a thatch roof. Secondly we can never find our hat in an emergency, and thirdly we have no hat. And finally, we don't care to wear a hat.

How simple this all sounds, when reduced to categorical statement! But is it, in fact, so simple as it seems? It is not. To be sure, we went through the first summer rather well in our hatless state. Aside from occasional embarrassment in department stores, where young ladies would mistake us for the floor-walker and ask to be directed to the most surprising places, we were scarcely molested.

But winter came and spring was far behind, and about our hatless brow the storms began to beat. And these were no matter of mere mundane weather. The weather doesn't care about our hat. There are few sorts of weather which can make us miss our hat, and even these we can easily avoid. Many years ago we learned to come in out of the rain, and the benevolence of modern civilization has provided trains and subways and automobiles and umbrellas by which to do so. We need a hat no more in winter than in summer. But nobody will believe it.

Kind friends and perfect strangers insist that we should wear a hat. We ask them why, patiently and with a real desire to know. They answer that everybody wears a hat, and feel that to be reason enough.

The importunities of these hat-ridden slaves to custom have led us to think far more seriously of hats than we ever expected to. We have contemplated them all — all the masculine monstrosities with which one half of humanity comes to a bad end. We make all needful exceptions, of course, in favor of fur caps for lumbermen, football helmets, tin hats for soldiers, aviators' caps, pith helmets for the tropics, straws a yard wide for farmers in the fields and caps for icemen to keep their pencils in. We make allowance for the bald and for those who have been scalped by Indians. We leave leeway for uniforms, for fancy dress costumes, and for paper hats at Halloween

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parties. And what is there left?

There is the ordinary felt hat. It is very cunningly made, with a twin hump in the middle of it so that it distantly resembles a dromedary. Its shape has no logical, rational, functional, or evolutionary relationship to the head whatever. One might about as well wear a teapot.

Then there is the derby, famed in song and story and a Presidential election. The derby is undoubtedly as beautiful as a coal scuttle and equally appropriate for a headdress. It becomes sensible and in a manner useful only when one has an opportunity to kick it down the street.

So now we arrive at the old straw hat. At best, the straw hat is an affliction. Comfort cannot be woven into a halo of hard straw, and he who says his old straw hat is comfortable is no more than a loyal liar. To wear it is a mortification of the cranial flesh, and it leaves its mark on a man. If it fits him closely, it clamps his brow in a gentle hand of iron; if it fits him loosely it oscillates across and around his cranial protuberances and raises corns and bunions. There may come an illusion of peace and fitness in the twilight of the straw hat season. But this does not mean that the hat now fits the head; it means only that the softer vessel has weakened, and the head now fits the hat.

These are our hats. There are others, as the stovepipe, worn at funerals, weddings or political parades and appropriate to none of them. There are caps, which may start out well but finish by making their wearer look like second cousin to a gunman. There may be still others, for all we know or care.

In our time we have worn all of them and they never did us any good. Just now we wear none of them and have the world around us worried to death. The world simply will not forgive us our hatless condition.

We converse and argue as usual with our friends. We greet them on the street and talk to them. But wherever we are going, we come at last to the inevitable question mark Our companions check their curiosity as long as they can. But it comes at last — the crisis of all conversation and the climax of all debate, the fool question par excellence, the protest of conformity against the rebel, the outcry of willing slavery to the mode, the pointless, profitless question, — "But where's your hat?"

# *The Art of the Marionette*

Condensed from Atlantica (March, '30)

*Dominick Lamonica*

THE history of acting and playmaking has run hand in hand with that of the marionette. The merry, uncomplaining little puppets of today hark back in their stories to the very root of the modern theater — the *commedia dell'arte* of medieval Italy. Those were the days when the Church, in its stern ascendancy, banned players as sinful, and then congratulated itself on having silenced such a source of satire and wit. But the innocent little marionettes had been allowed to prance and cavort, and it was a long time later that the Church discovered that these little imps were as effective as human players in their parody and satire.

Since then marionettes have been in the background, while the so-called serious drama has occupied the front of the stage, forgetting its simple progenitor. And now an offspring of the theater is welcoming the marionette to its bosom. The movies are repopularizing the marionette.

Many of the larger companies have signed some of the smaller troupes to appear in short talking features, and now Remo Bufano, master of the marionettes, is also preparing to produce some of his repertoire under the eye of a camera.

I saw Remo Bufano one afternoon in his little, unpretentious workshop off Washington Square. This modest, serious artist became interested in marionettes at the age of seven, and has ever since devoted himself to them.

"No," he objected. "It is not true that the field of the marionette is travesty and parody. True, it can be more effective in that medium, but it is as capable of performing deep tragedy as the human actor. Nothing is impossible to the marionette. With skill, study, and experiment, it can be made to do anything, the popular opinion to the contrary."

Remo Bufano is the first man to have introduced English-speaking puppets in this country. Tony Sarg, the only other marionette artist of note here, followed him by a few years.

The manipulation of marionettes is an art. It is not enough that the "*puppazzi*" be made to move and perform life-like gestures. From the purely dramatic point of view cleverness in handling the figures does not qualify one as a manipulator. More important, says Bufano, is one's

sense of dramatic values, and knowledge of the theater. Dramatic ability is necessary because the marionette is primarily an interpreter.

"In every art," he said, "the personality of the artist is evident, and that of the marionette is no exception. An experienced spectator, by watching the puppets in action, can often tell just who is manipulating each puppet."

Somehow, Italy's marionettes are more accomplished, more resourceful, and better actors in general, than those of other countries. The marionettes themselves are decidedly Latin in their display of emotion, but that is merely another way of saying that they portray their emotions through gestures rather than by the use of feeble words. They can dance and play instruments, they can move objects on and off the stage, hand articles to each other, lift their skirts daintily while dancing, and even perform hazardously on the horizontal bar.

On an average, every marionette is controlled by about 15 strings, though it sometimes becomes necessary to have more than 30. With this multiplicity of strings, it is no longer possible to use the old system of having a string attached to each finger of the performer's hands, which would move as though going over piano keys. The method most in use today is that of tying all the controlling strings to a sort of cross-bar — the *bilancio* — which is held in one hand while the other hand, not unlike that of a harpist, plays upon the strings and produces the desired effects.

Mr. Bufano has devised another method of handling his marionettes. Instead of having fully-fashioned bodies, with jointed limbs, the whole suspended by strings, he constructs his figures so that the manipulator can insert his hand inside it, from below the stage, and move the limbs and head with his fingers, thus achieving a more responsive contact. He uses both types, and often in the same performance.

There are certain little tricks necessary in producing a good marionette show. For example, when a puppet is supposed to be speaking, care is taken to keep all the other characters on the stage at the time motionless, and thus direct attention to the speaker. Ordinarily a performer can handle two puppets at a time. Sometimes it becomes necessary to break a string, in the stress of the moment, as the quickest way out when some strings become entangled. All this goes on while the puppets are passed from one operator above the miniature proscenium to another, as stage directions demand. The illusion of a marionette show is perfect, for

the thin controlling strings are invisible against a dark background.

Let us here correct an altogether too common misapprehension. It has been said that marionettes are delightful entertainment — for children only. This is quite untrue. There is something inherently wrong with the person whose eyes are not filmed with tears of laughter at the ludicrous bravado and mock solemnities of the little performers. A marionette can express nonsense more perfectly than any human actor, for human beings are limited in their scope of action by the laws of anatomy, but puppets can go to impossible lengths in their travesty. An impossibly long nose here, an oversized head there, unnatural coloring, and exaggerated steps — all these help accentuate the puppet's character and his burlesque.

It is said that many towns in southern Italy, where puppets are the only entertainment, take such a keen interest in them that sometimes a continuation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, one of the most popular stories, runs every night for a year.

Through the years, the marionette theater has been the subject of interest of the great and near-great. Goethe and Lessing thought them worthy of attention, and Le Sage wrote playlets especially for them. Of the considerable literature for the marionette stage now in existence, Maurice Maeterlinck has written a goodly portion. George Sand had a marionette theater of her own at her castle of Nohant, where she would write, produce, and enjoy her own marionette plays. In Chaucer, Shakespeare, Jonson, Pope, the old *Tatler* and *Spectator* papers of Addison and Steele, and other figures in literature, the little manikins are often alluded to.

Marionettes display no temperament, have no stage fright, and do not threaten to go on strike. When Charles B. Dillingham, the theatrical producer, returned from abroad a few years ago with a troupe of Italian marionettes that had had enormous success in England, he said:

"If there should be an actor's strike, I will not be affected. I can produce all my new plays with these puppets."

And Gordon Craig, a prophet of the theater, insists that the puppet is not an imitation actor, but that the actor is an imitation puppet.

"When the frame-work of a film-machine," he says, "is one day found by curiosity-hunters in the ruins of a cellar, and marveled over, the marionettes will still be alive and kicking."

# *Rural Forces of Change*

## Condensed from Farm and Fireside (January, '30)

*The Editors*

"Farm and Fireside" has now become "The Country Home" — with new editorial content and improved format, beautifully illustrated.

IN the past ten years the farms and quiet towns of America have been swept by gigantic forces of change. Figures on production, yields, depopulation — these things merely hint at the real change which has taken place in the minds of the people. And the main trend of this change can be put into six blunt words: *The whole country is getting unified.*

Everywhere there is an intermingling of things that used to be considered distinctly town or country like. City people are pushing their homes more and more out into the open. Country people are increasingly thinking of their farmsteads as country homes and building houses that would adorn any suburb. The smokestacks of industry are appearing in the wheat fields, and the farmer who used to bargain lonesomely against forces only vaguely sensed now enters with his fellows into a million-dollar pool. With the increase of automobiles and the coming of busses, new life has poured, throbbing, into thousands of localities which had been drowsing supinely, far back from the railroad. The family that once sat down to supper amid no other sound than the far beat of the whippoorwill now dines to the music of the orchestra at the Hotel Sherman, heard over the radio. On Saturday nights this family drives to town, and at the movies sees King George in a talking newsreel.

What, then, are rural people thinking about such modern questions as Divorce? Birth Control? Cigarettes for women? Prohibition? The Church?

The editors of this magazine have recently completed a survey to determine on a national scale the extent of rural change and resistance to change. What follows sums up the findings: 13,431 ballots were returned; almost exactly three-fifths of the vote was from women, two-fifths from men; average age of voters was slightly under 40.

*Schools*

For consolidation — 78%
Against it — 22%

*Economic Questions*

Welcome large-scale corporate farming — 20%
"Family farm is sounder proposition" — 80%

*Farm Relief*

Favor export debenture plan — 10%


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Favor Mr. Hoover's Federal Board — 40%
"Have no confidence in any law to relieve agriculture" — 50%

*Prohibition*
For amendment or repeal — 22%
For enforcement to the letter; no repeal — 78%

*Divorce*
For granting divorce on grounds of incompatibility — 19%
"Opposed to making divorce easier to obtain" — 81%

*Tobacco*
"Every farm growing tobacco should stop it" — 35%
"Farmers have a right to grow and sell it" — 65%
"Farm magazines have a right to advertise cigarettes" — 28%
"Farm magazines have *not*" — 72%
"They have a right to advertise cigarettes for women" — 16%
"No!" — 84%

*Birth Control*
"For legalizing doctors to impart birth control methods to married couples who apply jointly" — 67%
Against it — 33%

The most astonishing departure from old-fashioned standards, you'll notice, lurks in the item just above — the vote on birth control. Its basis may be economic. Time was when an unlimited number of children, especially boys, was definitely a cash asset to a farm family. A farmer with six strong boys was almost certain to do well. In this day of machinery there would not be work for all, and most of the boys would have to work in town.

Distinctly on the side of progress is the vote for consolidated schools. They cost money; they represent what old-timers called citified, new-fangled nonsense, but the countryside of America clamors for them, four votes out of five.

Progress — they demand it. Help, alms — they don't want it. Note the vote on farm relief. They do not count themselves an economic or social class apart from the rest of the nation.

But when the trend of the times brings to the door of their homes forces and ideas that they fear will destroy the principles and beliefs upon which those homes were founded, how they resist!

Four out of five oppose corporation farming for that reason; four out of five fear easier divorce. Similarly four out of five are against the repeal or amendment of prohibition; and four out of every five condemn the magazine that prints advertisements of women smoking.

American country people have welcomed progress to their doors. They have joyously quickened and altered their living habits and mental attitudes. Against the greater part of the New Morality, however, they stand on guard. They fear and hate it.

At the foot of the ballot a space

was provided in which the voter was asked to write "the thought that most needs to be emphasized throughout America at this time." Of all those who replied here, 37 percent say this, or just about this: "Hold fast to God and the old moralities."

Most of the messages touch on some phase of human relationship quite apart from business. Only 15 percent have to do with questions of money-making. The remaining 85 percent of the messages call for social progress — law enforcement, better schools, roads, standards of citizenship, tolerance, world peace, child training, better homes, or demand an improved ethical relationship between man and man or a closer spiritual relationship with God. Between three and four times as much interest was shown, that is, in *living* as in making a living.

This finding appears, most definitely and indisputably, in the choices of readers when asked to pick from a list of 21 topics the three of greatest interest to them. In the list that follows, giving the vote, note that the topics tagged with dollar marks are the ones that have to do with making a living; the starred topics are the ones that tell *how to live*.

** Horizons: World Events and Modern Thought — 36%
** Child Training — 29%
** Youth — 27%
National Questions — 24%
$$ Crops and soils — 22%
** Sermons — 22%
$$ Poultry — 20%
** Books and Music — 19%
** Building Plans — 19%
$$ Food Gardening — 19%
** Poems and Songs — 16%
** Gardens for Beauty — 12%
$$ Farm Machinery — 10%
Other topics, such as Fruit, Radio, Hunting, Hogs, Rabbits, Horses and Goats received from 4% to 1% each.

This vote evidently means that these people are primarily interested in better living and improved human relationships. Exactly the same trend has appeared in attendance figures at Farmers' Week lectures in colleges of agriculture the country over. During the past five years, particularly, the attendance at lectures on home community and world problems and relationships has been far and away greater than at lectures on specialized agricultural subjects.

When the farmer needs specialized information he can usually get it from the county agricultural agent. He is fed up on free advice shot at him at random, most of which is necessarily far from his needs. He wants something more than mere vocational information. He wants to hear talk that is human and broadening. And he wants this talk to be — in the best meaning of the word — *educational.*

# *The Palace Dogs of China*

Condensed from Asia (April, '30)

*Elsie Weil*
Former managing editor of Asia

THE Pekingese, tiny canine aristocrat of old Cathay, stands upon a pedestal in the dog world. He has come to be a symbol of the class struggle, a four-legged pampered morsel of unearned increment, divanned on cushions and banqueted on *pâté de foie gras*.

The early Sons of Heaven were absurdly demonstrative with their pet dogs. The Emperor Ling Ti gave his favorite dog the official hat of the *Chin Hsien* grade, the highest literary rank of the time. One wonders whether the dog often appeared in his hat, which was eight and three-quarter inches high in front, three and three-quarter inches high behind, and ten inches broad. Upon the consorts of these canine dignitaries were bestowed the ranks of the wives of corresponding two-legged officials. The daintiest morsels were their food, and an escort of soldiers accompanied them. It is not recorded whether the dogs appreciated their high honors, but the violent protest of the officials and literati has vibrated through 17 centuries.

Four hundred years later the Emperor Kao Wei created one of his dogs a duke, and granted him the revenue of a prefecture. Other favored dogs received honors almost as great.

Every emperor ordered the court painters to make portraits of favorite dogs for the dog-books and dog-scrolls, which in former days were not permitted to be taken out of the yellow-tiled palaces. No dog shows were held in China nor were pedigrees kept. The only standards followed for breeding to points were the paintings in the imperial dog-books. The greatest praise a Chinese breeder could give was to consider a dog worthy of going into the imperial dog-book.

The origin of the Pekingese type is somewhat obscure. But in the seventh century A.D. the "Emperor of the Turkoman country" presented the Emperor of China with a male and a female dog. They were little trick dogs of remarkable intelligence; they could lead horses by the reins and hold torches in their mouths to light the way for their imperial master when he came home from a party enlivened by the fraternal cups of wine of which Li Po sings so happily in many of his odes. The dogs came from Fu Lin, as Constantinople was called.

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The dogs of Fu Lin are believed to be the direct ancestors of the Pekingese. The strain was bred from that time to resemble pocket-charm lions, and was later associated by centuries of tradition with the lion of Chinese Buddhism.

The Chinese were not so insistent on a broad, flat, inset nose as are western breeders of today. The tortoise-shell face was admired because it "simulated laughter." The "three-flower" face was "black around the eyes, yellow on the forehead and white around the mouth." Chinese fanciers sought "water-chestnut eyes" — prominent and shining with old-gold irises. The rolling gait of a well-bred little Pekingese in high court society was compared to the dignified motion of a generously finned goldfish. The popular colors were apricot, liver and black. A Pekingese with a white spot on the forehead was most fortunate; for he simulated the Buddha with the shining mark between the eyebrows. A "saddle-mark" extending around the body in the form of a sash was also appreciated, because in mandarin days sashes could be worn only by high-ranking officials. The august Sons of Heaven bestowed upon their pets such delightful names as Peach, Apricot, Pomegranate, Lucky, Inkstand, Jade Button, Pine Cone, Bamboo Leaf and Plum Flower — they are all in the imperial dog-books.

Of all the Manchus, none bred Pekingese more enthusiastically than the late Empress Dowager, one of the most striking personalities of the 19th century. She laid down the law for the palace dogs as rigidly as she did for her humblest servants on the frontiers of Tibet.

"Let the Lion Dog be small, with the swelling cape of dignity round its neck and the billowing standard of pomp above its back.

"Let its face be black, its forefront shaggy, its forehead straight and low. Eyes large and luminous. Ears like the sails of a war-junk. Nose like the monkey-god of the Hindus.

"Forelegs bent so that it shall not desire to wander far or leave the Imperial precincts. Body like that of a hunting lion spying for its prey. Feet tufted with plenty of hair that its footfalls should be soundless. Lively and pompous. Timid to avoid danger.

"Color golden sable (like a lion), to be carried in the sleeve of a yellow robe, or red bear, or black bear, or white bear, or striped like a dragon — to suit costumes. It should wash its face like a cat — dainty."

If it falls ill, "Anoint it with clarified fat of the leg of a snow-leopard and give it to drink from throstle egg-shells full of juice of custard-apples, in which are three

pinches of shredded rhinoceros horns, and apply piebald leeches; and, if it dies, remember that man is not immortal, and thou too must die."

Even in the days of the Empress Dowager, few of the palace dogs were permitted to leave the marble courts of the Forbidden City for the vulgar world of the Western Barbarians. But in 1860, when British and French forces marched on Peking and sacked the Summer Palace, Lord John Hay found five dogs in a deserted compound that had belonged to an imperial aunt, who had committed suicide on the approach of the allied forces. Lord John took two of the little sleeve-dogs and his companion, a cousin of the Duchess of Richmond, took the other pair. General Dunne tucked the remaining dog into his cap and, when he returned to England, presented her to Queen Victoria. Most appropriately named "Lootie," this dog lived at Windsor until her death ten years later. Lootie did not share the sad fate of most captured ladies; for she merely substituted one palace for another.

It was from the palace dogs presented to the Duchess of Richmond that many of the Champion English Pekingese of today are descended. For a long time these dogs — the "Goodwood strain" — were so interbred that it was imperative to obtain an outcrossing. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild through his Chinese agents tried for several years to secure some new palace dogs for Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, who was carrying on the strain. But the palace dogs were guarded like crown jewels. At last in 1896, Douglas Murray, who had wide business connections in China, succeeded in smuggling out of Peking two palace dogs which had been hidden in a crate of hay containing Japanese deer. They were a female, Mimosa, and a male, Ah Cum, about a year old. Ah Cum was particularly handsome. These two immigrants were mated to the Goodwood strain. American Pekingese came later, and most of them were imported from English strains.

Since the death of the old Empress Dowager the Pekingese breed has not been kept up in China. If the Chinese ever desire to bring back the good old days of the palace dogs, they will have to import Pekingese from England or America. And breeding Pekingese is a luxury for which the harassed Chinese, tossed on stormy seas of politics and revolution, have little leisure today. Who could have foreseen that the Imperial palace dog would one day become the pet of fashion in the world of the Western Barbarians so despised by the old Empress Dowager?

# *This Ever-Changing Business World*

Excerpts from The Business Week

"ARTIFICIAL" wool manufactured from vegetable fibre is today being used for suitings, felts, carpets, blankets — in fact, nearly every type of wool textile product. While none of the large textile manufacturers have accepted the fibre as yet, the half-dozen companies specializing in its production, each with a secret process for treating it, seem assured of extensive growth. The combined production of these companies for 1929 was approximately 10,000,000 pounds as against the 300,000,000 pounds of scoured sheep's wool used annually in this country.

The raw material for artificial wool is, for the most part, ramie, a fibre-bearing plant grown principally in China, Japan, and India. American manufacturers are making an apparently successful effort to grow the plant in this country, principally in Louisiana, California, and Florida. One company has 12,000,000 ramie plants under cultivation in Louisiana.

The cost of artificial wool is probably about one-third that of the "real." The finished product made from artificial wool is not as soft and pliable as the real wool: it is coarser and has less resiliency. On the other hand, it gains in strength when wet and its wearing qualities are apparently comparable to those of the "real."

Although products made entirely of artificial wool yarn are appearing, the textile industry seems to believe that the principal future of the fibre is in its use as an adulterant with suitings, blankets, carpets and similar products, which will be a combination of fibre mixtures.

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Many — and sometimes strange — additions to various manufacturing families are being made nowadays. Fleischmann's yeast has taken on Chase & Sanborn's Coffee as a brother product, General Motors is going in for refrigerators and radio sets, and Singer Sewing Machine Company, after 67 years in a one-line business, is bringing out a vacuum cleaner. And now the Aeolian Company, manufacturer of pianos, and Pratt, Read & Company, makers of piano actions, are to add motorboats to their lines.

Pratt, Read & Company will make outboard runabouts, but Aeolian will produce more elaborate craft. Executives explain that adding the new lines doesn't mean that the piano busi-


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ness has been dull. On the contrary, Aeolian "shipped out more pianos each month last year than ever before." But there has always been a slack time in the factory at Neponset, Mass., after the winter rush. That is the time of year when motorboats are wanted, and Aeolian hopes to supply the want.

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Purchase of all electrical appliances for the home under one long-term contract with very low down-payment is the latest effort of the electrical industry toward complete electrification of the home. First to adopt the plan is the British Columbia Electric Company, Vancouver. "By spreading payments over a three-year period, we make it possible for a customer to buy four or five appliances for about the same monthly payments as the regular terms on a washing machine or a range, and this plan meets our real competitors, the piano salesman, the furniture man, and others striving for the consumer's dollar." Major appliances are considered to be: refrigerator, washing machine, dishwasher, iron, and water heater. Average total cost of these five items comes to about $960.

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In the vicinity of Detroit, Ford has offered to buy from his dealers as many "junkers" as they wish to sell him up to the number of new cars they accept from the factory. He pays $20 for each junker, less a small charge for transporting it from the dealer's establishment to the factory. The long trailers used to deliver new cars to dealers, and which have, hitherto, returned to the factory empty, now come back loaded with incipient automobile accidents.

So far this activity has been confined to the Detroit district. Whether Ford plans to extend it is uncertain. The experiment is interesting particularly for its adherence to the Ford principle of avoiding waste. Plate glass, batteries, upholstery materials, hair stuffing and similar items will be saved and re-employed whenever possible. What is left over after salvage operations will be melted down and immediately used in construction of more automobiles.

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With startling force Darwin L. Teilhet, writing in *Advertising and Selling*, puts American advertisers in their place in world advertising:

"This phenomenal growth in European advertising has been so rapid that few of us in the United States have had time to realize that there are hundreds of experienced agencies across the Atlantic which are now able to compete with us, in our country as well as in Europe, on our own terms.

"We are in the habit of associating 'largest' and 'greatest' in connection with advertising with the United States; yet the largest advertising agency in the world, according to gross revenue, has its home office not in the United States, but in Germany."

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At last! Restaurant table service without the effusive attention of hovering waiters! Hotel Warren, Worcester, Mass., is being equipped with the "waiterless restaurant," invention of the brothers Daschner. Each table contains a 12-inch center slab, the top of a miniature dumb waiter, which gives access to the kitchen below. The hungry man sits down, writes out his order and sends it to the kitchen through a slot in the table. Food returns via the dumb waiter. Empty dishes are removed by pressing a button. Each course is served in turn and last comes the check. One untipped waiter below stairs can serve three times as many persons as usual, so can earn more than under the present system. Another restaurant incorporating the same features is scheduled to open in New York on May 1, and, if successful, will be followed by installations in other cities.

Corporations have no heart? Well, perhaps not, but a few have the germ of something which looks suspiciously like it.

Evidence: Edison Lamp Works of General Electric Company is being transferred from Harrison, N. J., to Nela Park, Cleveland. Some employes have local associations so deep-rooted that they find themselves unable to make the move. So a G. E. advertisement appears in the New York *Times* telling local concerns of their opportunity to secure efficient employes trained in accounting, research and statistical work, all of whom have General Electric's unqualified recommendation. Interested persons are directed to inquire of the Personnel Division, Edison Lamp Works.

Again: In consolidating its manufacturing operations at Detroit, United States Rubber Company found it necessary to close a number of outlying plants. Besides giving the workers a month's notice of the impending calamity and paying them a generous dismissal wage, the entire resources of the employment department of U. S. Rubber were placed at the employes' disposal to aid them in securing new jobs near their homes.

# *The Art of Living*

## Discouraged? . . . Think of Lincoln!

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the Legislature of Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent 17 years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged — then she died. Entering politics again, he ran for Congress, and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed. He became a candidate for the United States Senate, and was badly defeated. In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and was once more defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas. One failure after another — bad failures — great setbacks. In the face of all this, he eventually became one of the greatest men of America, whose memory is loved and honored throughout the world. When you contemplate the effect of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged because you think you are having a hard time?

Contributed by Edwin H. Stuart, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## College Papers Please Copy

The educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affairs of life.

— Ramsay MacDonald, quoted in the *New York Times*.

## Are You a Powerful Commencer?

Webster defines initiative as "the power of commencing" and it is the lack of just that particular power which holds many of us back from success. If Columbus had lacked it he never would have embarked "on sail" and the most alluring adventure the world has ever known would never have been experienced. The first brick — the first foundation stone — must be laid before the blueprint materializes into the skyscraper. It is the man of vision who is never overwhelmed by the sense of disproportion. Winning in the game of life requires the courage to begin. When we don't take much stock in ourselves, when our purpose to do something is of the milk and water variety and we secretly believe that we could never make a go of an enterprise even if we did tackle it, then we have failed before we make a start.

We are all inclined to think and dream of the wonderful things we would do if we could only get rid

of the things that block our way and keep us from commencing our life work. The test of ability and of bigness is whether or not we go ahead with our plans regardless of the things that apparently try to down us. Each one of us has an enormous amount of power locked up in our nature and the sooner we release it, the more we can accomplish in our life span. Young people should follow the maxim, "You can always do what you have to do." Lack of self-confidence is like an anchor to a balloon. We fail only when we have lost our grip on ourselves, thus letting our will power become paralyzed and our desire to accomplish worthwhile things grow feebler. Initiative is the bridge across the Rubicon which separates the impotent wish to do things from the actual doing of them.

— Nan Clifford in Sunday Magazine of the *Milwaukee Journal.*

## What Hath Age to do With Years?

Youth is not a time of life — it is a state of mind. . . . It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is a freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals.

— *Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.*

# *Music and Health*

*Special compilation for The Reader's Digest*

A FEW years ago a bartender in Queen's Hall, London, made some observations as to the effect of different types of music on his sales. For 30 years he had been serving drinks during the various programs. Mozart, he said, gave him very little business. Wagnerian music resulted in the sale of 15 times as much beer as did a mixed program. Mendelssohn stimulated the sale of beer and whiskey, and the Strausses, Johann and Richard, led to an increased drinking of wine and spirits respectively.

The effect of music on the human organism has long been a subject of speculation. The ancient Greeks believed in the curative properties of music. Hippocrates, "father of medicine," it is said, took his mentally-disordered patients to the Temple of Esculapius to listen to music. That was about 400 B.C. A little later Theophrastus mentions flute playing as a remedy for sciatica. In the 13th century the Arabs equipped their hospitals with music rooms. And today physicians, we are told, are finding a place for music in their kit-bags. Are we possibly soon to have prescriptions of "one tune allegro" in place of the brisk walk before breakfast?

Medical and psychopathic research has in the last 50 or 60 years pointed out several well-established effects of music on man's physical functions. It has yet far to go in explaining the why and how of these effects. Galvanometers, cardiographs, all sorts of scientific apparatus have been put to work on the tests. In general, according to Charles M. Diserens who has summarized the results, music increases or diminishes muscular activity, increases bodily metabolism, accelerates respiration, stimulates or retards heart action, stirs the emotions, and influences internal secretions. A man is set to pull a weight up and down. At length his strength fails and he stops. Even at this zero point he finds that under the influence of a gay, brisk tune he temporarily loses his sense of fatigue and can lift the weight as before. On the other hand, one relaxes while listening to slow or mournful music. A slow chant has an almost hypnotic effect. All of us have at some time gone to sleep to the distant throbbing of an engine or the regular swish of waves on the shore. A lullaby, it has been found, will quiet a heart flutter. A symphony is far too heavy medicine for those who are tired

or discouraged or sick. A stirring military march stimulates the blood and the breathing, gives men new courage, and at times seems to anaesthetize them to danger. A solo in G is said to have relieved Gladstone of rheumatic pains. The first shipload of American forces to reach England in the War, the present Ambassador Dawes relates, landed late one cold, dreary, rainy night. They had had no dinner, only a sandwich apiece at noon. They were hungry, tired, completely dispirited. As soon, however, as the English band which had come to meet them, struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," they became a different group. The atmosphere of gloom vanished, and they set out toward camp with new strength and new enthusiasm.

How much rhythm, and how much harmony or melody with all their associations have to do in gaining these effects is a hard question. The medicine man among primitive peoples relied on rhythm. He beat his drum and shook his rattle. The attention of the patient was drawn away from his pains. The regular, slow beat of the music relaxed him and allowed the herbs to do their work or merely supported the hypnotic effect of the incantation. The major organs of the body have their own rhythms, yet these may be altered or dominated by music. And if the rhythm is faster than the heartbeat, the almost invariable effect is one of exhilaration. An understanding of this fact led Franz Kneisel, it is said, to speed up the rhythm of his playing so that it would get more than the usual response from his audience. Sousa is accused of having made use of the same principle. The disorganizing effect of the constant grind of machinery on the human system may be due in part to exactly this — that for long stretches at a time the rhythm of the machinery exceeds that of the normal heartbeat. It is clear, also, that should machines of several different rhythms be going in the same room, the workers are subjected to an additional strain since the body can follow but one rhythm at a time. And music in a workroom must follow the prevailing rhythm or there is danger of accident.

Some people say that music is a kind of massage to the nerves, the application of sound waves. It is particularly in the treatment of nervous disorders that music is being used. As long ago as 1878 it was being recognized at Blackwell's Island as a part of the treatment. Twenty years later it came into use on Ward's Island. An instructor in the Seymour School of Reëducation in New York reported a few years ago his experience in Siberian prison

camps during the War. The men were completely demoralized. For months they had been living in unsanitary and crowded quarters and subsisting on borsch and black bread. The immediate effect of his work in organizing orchestras and glee clubs among them was a decided decrease in insanity and suicide. During the reconstruction days men suffering from shell shock would respond to music when nothing else seemed to reach them.

The most striking example is the work of Mr. William van de Wall, a Dutch psychiatrist and musician, in various hospitals for the mentally afflicted throughout the East. Music, he says, affects not only the body, but through some mysterious power of association awakens the soul as well. It will reach even the most clouded minds and leads them "consciously or unconsciously to conform in thought and action to the fundamental law of order in the scheme of things." He has seen faces that were a hideous blank light up at the singing of "My Old Kentucky Home," and within a few minutes he has heard the voices of those same persons joining in the song. Patients are encouraged to go to the music room and there to join in the singing and the playing. Every week the bed patients are visited by a trained quartet; and these, too, usually join in the singing. A patient who shows signs of violence is given a hot bath for relaxation and taken to the music room where he has an opportunity for self expression.

In 1926 the New York Tuberculosis Association in a letter in *The New York Times* stated that they were using music to good effect in the hospitals for tuberculous patients. Music, they said, led to contentment and thus to new coöperation between patients and physicians. Indirectly it increased the chance of recovery. It has become a real adjunct in the treatment of disease. A Swedish surgeon some years ago announced that he had made a habit of singing to patients before and during operations, and that he was satisfied of the beneficial results both in banishing fear and in promoting recovery. The President of St. Mark's Hospital, New York, has similarly within the past five years stated that in that hospital operations to a musical accompaniment were being performed on both adults and children. In some cases when ether seemed inadvisable because of weak heart or lungs, music was especially helpful. A local anaesthetic was of course used first, and the music then played to draw the patient's attention away from the surgeon and his knife.

Perhaps the Indian medicine man is not so far wrong after all.

# *Repartee*

## Contributions from Readers

One of the most perfect retorts ever made was that which came from that master wit, Alexandre Dumas, when in answer to the question, "How do you grow old so gracefully?" he replied, "Madam, I give all my time to it."

*Contributed by Elizabeth Ann Cooper, Minneapolis, Minn.*

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Israel Zangwill, Hebrew author, sat next a "smart" young lady at a dinner in Chicago. She was of the impudent type. Observing the food he was eating and knowing his Hebrew origin, she exclaimed, "Mr. Zangwill, how do you like our Chicago ham?" "I much prefer it," replied he, "to your Chicago tongue."

*Contributed by Fred W. Herbert, Shafter, California.*

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Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might read a set of his books. The neighbor replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let a book leave the house. Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of his lawn mower.

"I shall be very glad to loan you my lawn mower," said Mark Twain, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn, you will be obliged to use it there."

*Contributed by Ethel MacDonald, Yakima, Washington.*

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At a Summer Assembly, Mr. Chiles remarked that a good beginning and a good ending are the making of a speech. "Yes," said Dr. Cary Montague, "if they come close enough together."

*Contributed by Mrs. S. C. Mitchell, Richmond, Va.*

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The late Chauncey M. Depew was seen, at a dinner one night, to join a small group of friends who were in the midst of an animated discussion.

"Oh, Mr. Depew!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "You are just in time to settle our argument. What is the most beautiful thing in the world?"

"A beautiful woman," replied the gallant Depew, without hesitation.

But his companion seemed shocked at his levity. "I contend," she said, seriously, "that sleep is the most beautiful."

"Well," said Depew, thoughtfully, "next to a beautiful woman, sleep is!"

*Contributed by Alan Gray M. Campbell, Tullahoma, Tenn.*

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A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

*Contributed by Mrs. Grace M. Warner, Hartford, Conn.*

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The humor of the British political campaigns is well illustrated by the answer Mr. Lloyd George once made to a heckler who repeatedly cried, "Will you free Ireland?"

After several such questions Mr. Lloyd George said, "I will," which was followed by applause from the proponents of Irish freedom.

When the applause subsided, Mr. Lloyd George said, "Not," which was likewise followed by applause from the opponents of Irish freedom.

When this applause subsided, Mr. Lloyd George said, "Tell you."

*Contributed by Robert H. Tuttle, Minneapolis, Minn.*

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The late Ambassador Walter Page was formerly editor of the World's Work and like all editors was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him: "Sir: — You sent back, last week, a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story for as a test I had pasted the pages 18, 19, and 20 together, and the story came back with these pages still pasted, so I know that you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back: "Madame: — At breakfast when I open an egg, I don't need to eat the whole egg to discover it's bad."

*Contributed by Helyn Zuber, Battle Creek, Mich.*

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The late William Rockefeller used to tell with delight a story illustrative of the financial genius of his famous brother John.

When John was a little fellow, he would begin, a so-called Indian doctor visited our town with a cure-all. The doctor, to get trade started, took out a bright new silver dollar and said he would auction it off.

"How much am I bid," he said, "for this bright silver dollar?"

But the crowd was cautious, silent, suspicious. No bids were heard.

"How much am I bid," shouted the Indian doctor again. "Come, come, gents! A nickel, a dime?"

"I'll bid a nickel," piped John D. Rockefeller at last.

"The dollar is yours, boy," said the doctor, "hand up your nickel."

"Take it out of the dollar," piped little John D., "and gimme ninety-five cents change."

*Contributed by W. J. Cronan, Jr., Wethersfield, Conn.*

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Lincoln was remonstrating with General McClellan about the latter's military policy. During the talk, McClellan became angry and said: "Sir, do you think I'm a fool?"

"Why, no," returned Lincoln. Then with a dry smile he added: "Of course I may be mistaken."

*Contributed by John J. O'Donnell, Holyoke, Mass.*

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This was one of the favorite stories of the late Joseph Jefferson.

Back in the '80's of the last century a barnstorming theatrical company arrived in a small Kansas town and gave an alleged performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The manager of the company insisted, in return for a number of passes, that the editor of the local paper should give unstinted praise of the performance. Accordingly, the next day the following brief mention appeared in the "dramatic column":

"Last night at the Opera House the —— Company played Uncle Tom's Cabin. The dogs did well, but they had poor support.

*Contributed by T. C. Carrington, San Antonio, Texas.*

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Lloyd George's father was, what used to be termed, a "tin peddler" and traveled about the country dis-

posing of his wares with a donkey hitched to a red cart.

While on a lecture tour in this country in 1917, a haggler attempted to frustrate Lloyd George by rising in his seat and breaking in with:

"Who are you? A peddler's son. I knew your father when he traveled about the country with a donkey hitched to a red cart." "I am sure you did," replied Lloyd George, "I remember that donkey and that little red cart well. I have the cart. I keep and cherish it in remembrance of my father." Then pointing his finger at his would-be haggler, he exclaimed, "But I never knew before what became of that Ass!"

*Contributed by Fred B. Morrill, Spokane, Wash.*

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Pitt, The Younger, a member of Parliament during the days of the Revolutionary War, was opposed to the policy which King George III put into effect against the colonists. One day in the course of a Parliamentary discussion in the House of Lords Pitt made the statement, "King George has not the brains of an ass."

Immediately there were cries of "Treason," "Make him apologize," "Make him recant his statement."

Pitt rose to his feet, and while the assembly listened breathlessly, he said, "I retract my statement, — King George III has the brains of an ass."

*Contributed by John E. Gary, West Linn, Oregon.*

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The philosopher Socrates was always ready with some remark which exactly fitted the situation. It was a matter of common report that his wife, Xanthippe, was not as appreciative of her husband as were many of his friends, who were always eager for an opportunity to engage him in conversation. It is related that upon one occasion she lost her patience with Socrates, and with no little show of temper she berated him for some few minutes in the presence of a group of friends who were with him in front of the house. But Socrates' composure was not even ruffled by the harsh things she said. Whereupon, in exasperation Xanthippe picked up a jar of water, and threw it upon the person of her philosophical husband. But his only response was this good-humored reply, "So much thunder must needs produce a shower."

*Contributed by Stanley A. Gillet, San Francisco, California.*

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Abraham Lincoln married a Tod, and was once asked why his wife's people did not spell their name with two 'd's, Todd, which would be more aristocratic. "Well," he answered, "God spells his name with one 'd,' and I guess what's good enough for God is good enough for us."

*Contributed by Frederic Almy, Buffalo, New York.*

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Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but he once consented to watch a friend play. The friend was rather a duffer. Teeing off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?" "Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief.

*Contributed by Alice L. Kelly, Zanesville, Ohio.*

**HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK** (p. 1) is pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York, professor of practical theology at Union Theological Seminary, and a leader among liberal Christians of this country.

**ROBERT LYND** (p. 7) is the co-author, with his wife, of "Middletown," the important sociological study of a small typical American city.

**HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS** (p. 13) was sent abroad in 1925 by "Success Magazine" and others to interview celebrities in foreign countries, and since then has spent much time in Europe.

**ALBERT JAY NOCK** (p. 16) was formerly one of the guiding spirits of the "Freeman." That periodical, which had ceased publication, began again on March 15 of this year under the title of the "New Freeman."

**ALFRED F. LOOMIS** (p. 19) in 1921 navigated the 28-foot yawl "Hippocampus" from New York to Panama. He has a reputation for long distance small-boat cruising. He has been a magazine editor, and during the war he served aboard a sub-chaser.

**FRANK EAKIN** (p. 22) is a lecturer on the New Testament at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

**E. E. FREE** (p. 28), a versatile writer on scientific subjects, has been connected with the United States Department of Agriculture, Carnegie Institute, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Free is now owner and editor of "The Week's Science" — a highly prised news service.

**HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON** (p. 37) has practiced at the bar of California, and has traveled extensively in Europe and the Far East. His knowledge of men and conditions abroad is first-hand.

**CLARENCE DARROW** (p. 40) has now observed his 70th birthday. As a lawyer for the defense in many of the most spectacular criminal trials of this century, he has always been on the side of the under dog — consistently humanitarian.

**JOHN W. VANDERCOOK** (p. 43), though he is only 28, has two excellent books to his credit, "Tom-Tom" (a study of the bush negroes of Suriname) and "Black Majesty" (a life of Henry Christophe, the one-time negro emperor of Haiti). Mr. Vandercook and his wife have twice visited West Africa and have spent several weeks at a time penetrating the jungle, stopping overnight in native villages or with white residents.

**EARNEST ELMO CALKINS** (p. 46), advertising man and author, has motored extensively in Europe and the United States, and has made his observations and reflections the basis of many entertaining travel essays. He is deaf, and has written "Louder, Please," an autobiography.

**LEWIS MUMFORD** (p. 49) is the author of "Herman Melville," "The Golden Day," "The Story of Utopias" and "Sticks and Stones."

**BRUCE BLIVEN** (p. 55) was at one time managing editor of the New York "Globe," and is at present managing editor of "The New Republic."

**OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD** (p. 58) was for many years editor and owner of the New York "Evening Post," and is now editor and owner of "The Nation."

**THEO. KRYSTO** (p. 61) has been a physician, a farmer, a writer for Russian magazines, an adviser to the Governor General of Western Siberia, a Russian government Agricultural Commissioner to the United States, a director in a large company, and again a physician in the little California town of Alhambra.

**VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON** (p. 64), Arctic explorer, has led many scientific expeditions into the Arctic, and has lived a year with Eskimos who had never seen a white man and whose ancestors never had.

**ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED** (p. 72) is a French economist, author of "America Comes of Age," and "Post-War Britain."

**DONALD ROSE** (p. 75) conducts a humorous monthly department in "The North American Review" which he calls "Stuff and Nonsense."


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